

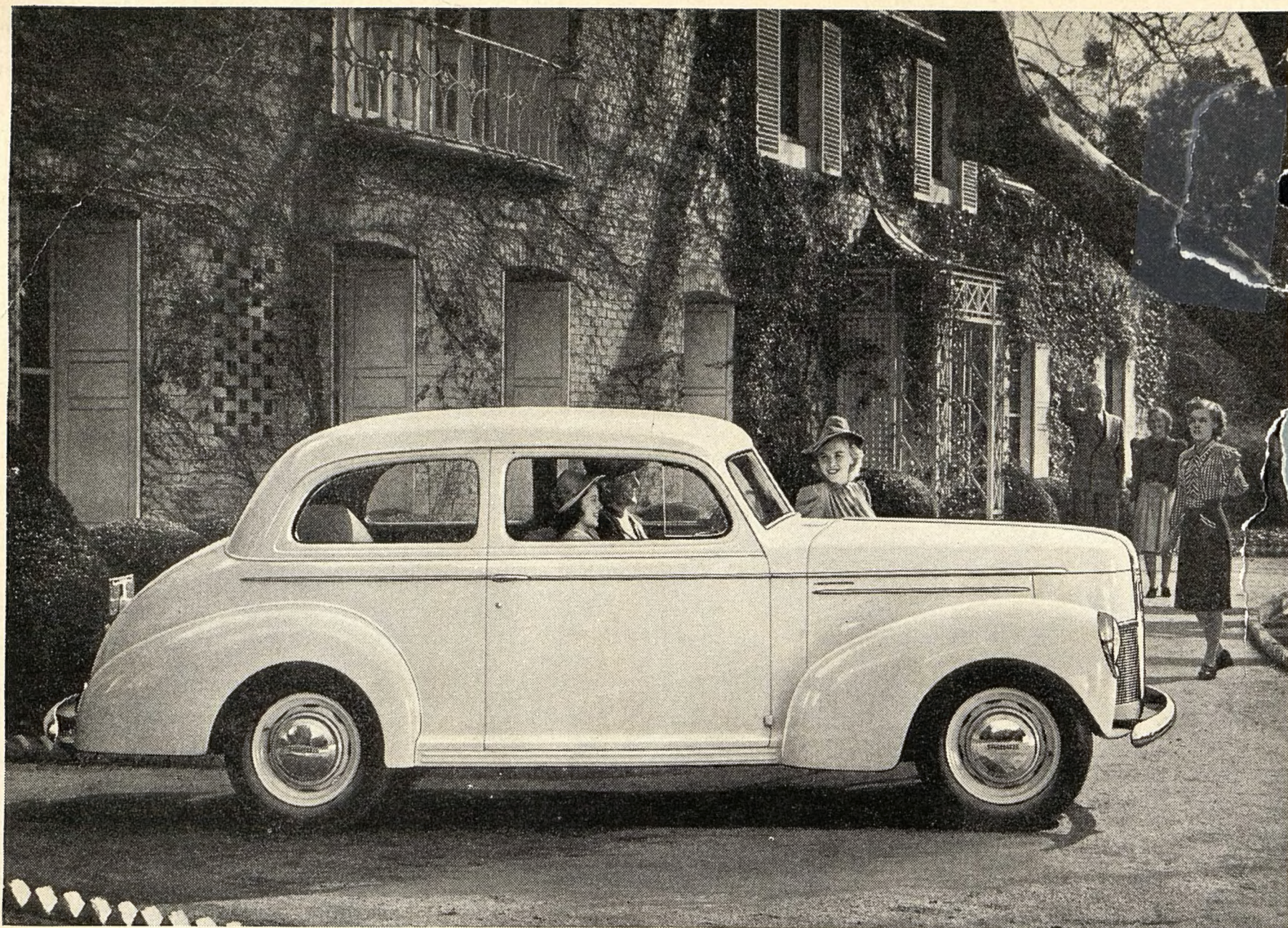
APR. 13,
1940

Liberty 5¢



ARTHUR
SMITH

THERE IS A JOB FOR YOU by PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN
WHY I WON'T JOIN THE OXFORD MOVEMENT by Mahatma Gandhi



Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan, \$700 delivered at factory

This lowest price car gives you all you've wanted in style and money saving STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

PRICED ON A LEVEL WITH THE 3 OTHER LARGE-SELLING
LOWEST PRICE CARS

YOU'RE in for a pleasant surprise in gas economy as well as low upkeep costs, when you become the proud owner of this beautifully styled, soundly built, new Studebaker Champion.

It's the most successful new car in 10 years. Delighted owners are finding this distinctive Studebaker much more saving of gas than other large-selling lowest price cars they've driven.

You're money ahead in still further ways, when you own this roomy, lux-

PRICES
BEGIN AT
\$660

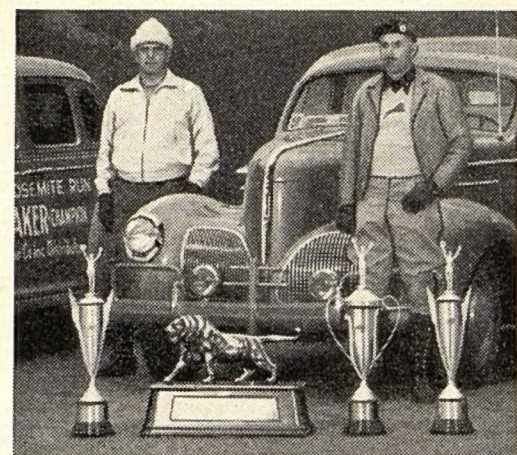
for a Champion coupe delivered at the factory, subject to change without notice

urious Studebaker Champion of lowest price.

You pay nothing extra for such advancements as planar independent suspension, finest hydraulic shock absorbers, non-slam

rotary door latches, front-compartment hood lock, shockless variable-ratio steering, sealed-beam headlamps, foot-regulated hydraulic brakes and steering wheel gear shift.

See your local Studebaker dealer and drive a Champion now. Low down payment—easy C.I.T. terms.



Averaged 29.19 miles per gallon in America's economy classic! That's the official record of a stock Studebaker Champion, with an expert driver and low-extra-cost overdrive, in the Gilmore-Yosemite Run this year—a performance officially certified by the American Automobile Association.



Built to stay in tip-top condition for years—Every Studebaker Champion is the proud product of 7,700 master craftsmen who average 42 years old and have been on their Studebaker jobs an average of 11 years.



Here's a *Taxpaying Neighbor* of Yours

RAILROADS last year paid 365 millions in taxes—a million dollars for every day in the year.

The important thing to you about these railroad taxes is that they are the same sort of taxes you pay on your home or your farm or business—by far the larger amount is paid to the states, counties and local communities. Every state and almost every county benefits by these payments, which go to support the activities of local government—and thereby help keep your taxes lower than they otherwise would be.

Railroad school-tax money, for example, pays for educating about 1,315,000 children every year. And that is only part of the story. Hundreds of counties depend primarily upon the railroads not only for the support of schools but for the maintenance of courts, law enforcement

agencies and public services of all sorts.

So the ability of the railroads to make a living and pay taxes is important to every other taxpayer.

But there is also another side to the railroad tax story.

Because the larger part of railroad taxes is levied against tracks, stations and other facilities which the railroads provide and maintain at their own expense, these railroad taxes are not like those paid by most other forms of transportation. The major part of the fees and gasoline taxes paid by commercial trucks, for example, is spent for their direct benefit on the highways they use. But no part of what the railroads pay in taxes comes back to them to help keep up the tracks over which they operate.

Furthermore, railroads are actually

taxed to provide and maintain the waterways and highways on which their competitors do business.

All these facts have a definite bearing upon the railroads' ability to make a living. They are something to figure into any program aimed to give the railroads a fair chance to meet other forms of transportation on equal terms.



American shippers and consumers are saving millions of dollars a year because of better shipping and handling of goods, as a result of intelligent cooperative efforts by manufacturers, merchandisers and transportation agencies in the campaign for "Perfect Shipping and Careful Handling."

Let's all work—now—on still better shipping habits that will be profitable throughout the year.

Association of **AMERICAN RAILROADS** **Washington, D. C.**

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

OFFICIAL DECISIONS - WATCH THEM CAREFULLY



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

WE were promised experimentation by this administration—and that promise has certainly been honored in a very drastic manner. Although a change of some sort was welcome at that time, there was no thought that the constitutional principles to which we owe our national prestige and power would be radically altered.

We all took it for granted that the oath of office taken by our officials would be respected. We naturally believed that those who promised under oath to respect and uphold our Constitution would hold their promise sacred. And the very last thought would have been the lack of respect for this solemn oath by justices of the United States Supreme Court.

The efforts on the part of our Chief Executive to make changes in this august body, and his recent appointment of five judges, has made us all wonder whether or not these new appointees could be depended upon to adhere to their oaths of office to uphold and honor our Constitution.

We see Washington crowded with bureaus and commissions, many of which have been invested with the power to make rules and regulations . . . another name for laws. That certainly looks like sacrilegious disrespect for the very first article in our Constitution, which states:

"All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." We have quoted this previously and we expect to frequently reiterate this definite constitutional restriction.

Supreme Court Justice Black was front-page news recently when he wrote the opinion concurred in by all members of the court giving a new trial to the four Negroes condemned to death by the Florida courts. He quoted from the Fourteenth Amendment:

"No State shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law."

That was a commendable decision. In some parts of

the South the Negroes are given scant consideration, and a new trial in this case was undoubtedly deserved.

Now suppose we take the same quotation from the Constitution used by Justice Black and apply it to the decision of the court in which it maintained that the decisions of the National Labor Relations Board were superior to those of the courts of the land on disputed facts.

Why should employers and employees be deprived of liberties to which they are justly entitled by constitutional edict, while the four Negroes have been given this protection? To be sure, the reply may be that the employers and employees have been deprived of their liberties in this instance by due process of law; but it is not out of place to again quote an extract from the Constitution which says: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States."

Amendment No. 5 of the Constitution provides that no person "be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

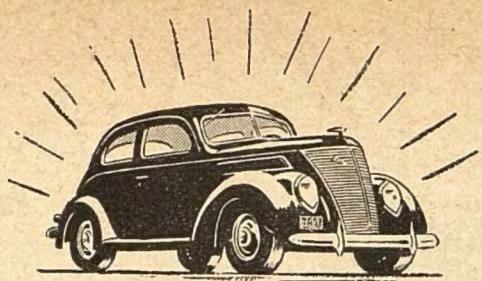
We are all hoping that the members of the United States Supreme Court, whether new or old, will remember their oaths of office when they are rendering decisions. Some caustic critics have maintained that some of our recently appointed justices were yes men. But we are confident we can cast aside this scandalous suspicion as unworthy of belief.

But we are certainly standing at the crossroads. Americanism has brought us unheard-of rewards, privileges, even luxuries, never before enjoyed by any country throughout all history, due almost entirely to adhering to constitutional government; and it is the duty of every intelligent citizen who wants to conserve for himself and his progeny the outstanding privileges associated with our government principles to watch our officials, to note every decision and compare it with our constitutional restrictions, and be ready to criticize or applaud as may be indicated.

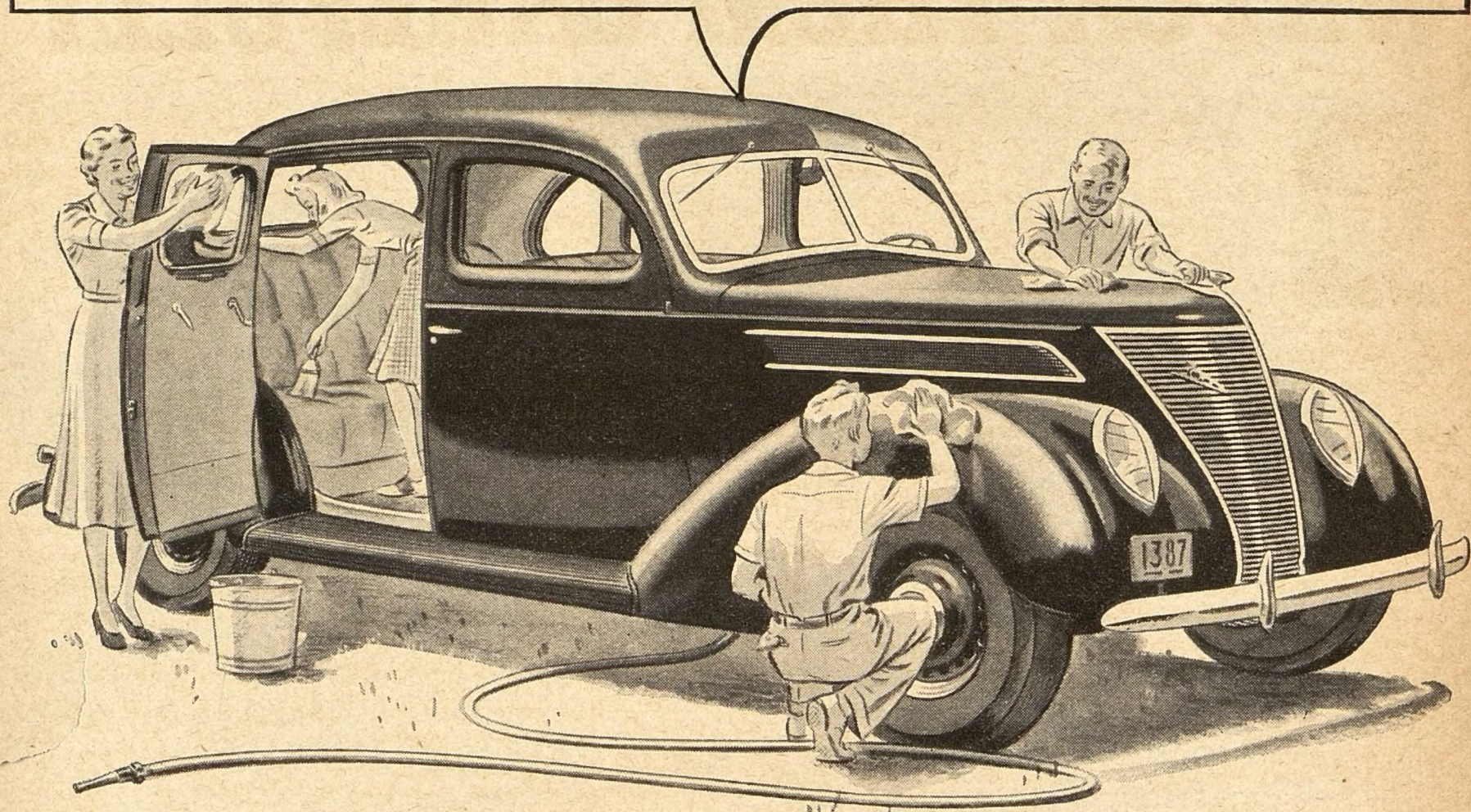
Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, \$2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



FAMILY PRIDE HAS KEPT IT YOUNG



It's a familiar sight, of course—Mother, Dad and the kids proudly polishing the family Ford. *But think what a whale of a value that car represents when it appears on your Ford Dealer's used car lot!*

Bright body enamel and shining rustless steel—good tires and clean upholstery—a smooth and eager 8-cylinder engine under the hood. A large part of its useful life is left—at a small part of its original price. You can't beat that for a bargain!

Because Ford cars are so well built and well designed, they *stay young longer*. This '37 model, for example, still looks modern because its lines

were well ahead of their time. Its power plant was put together with such precision that it never needed breaking-in! Carefully built by the Ford Motor Company, carefully reconditioned by a friendly Ford Dealer—here's a *real* buy!

Your Ford Dealer has many other makes and models too. The selection is unusually good right now because new Ford cars are selling so fast.

If you want low-cost, *unused* mileage, with plenty of pep and power, drop in and look around. Ask especially about the famous "R & G" and "50-50" guarantees that give you *extra* protection.



SEE YOUR AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER



Your voice ... with CARE



*When you send your
voice by telephone, it
arrives in perfect shape*



Back of the good service which your Bell Telephone Company gives you is the equipment you use. This is Western Electric's responsibility, as it has been for nearly sixty years.

It is a many-sided activity which calls for experience in management, extensive resources in manufacturing, purchasing and distributing, a large staff of engineers

and technicians and thousands of skilled men and women trained in the making of no less than 43,000 items of telephone apparatus.

Thus Western Electric helps your telephone company to handle "Your Voice with Care" and to provide a service which is the best and most economical in the world.

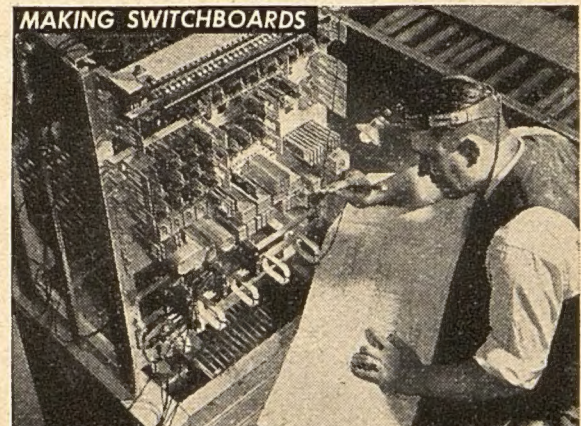
MAKING TOOLS TO MAKE TELEPHONES



MAKING TELEPHONES

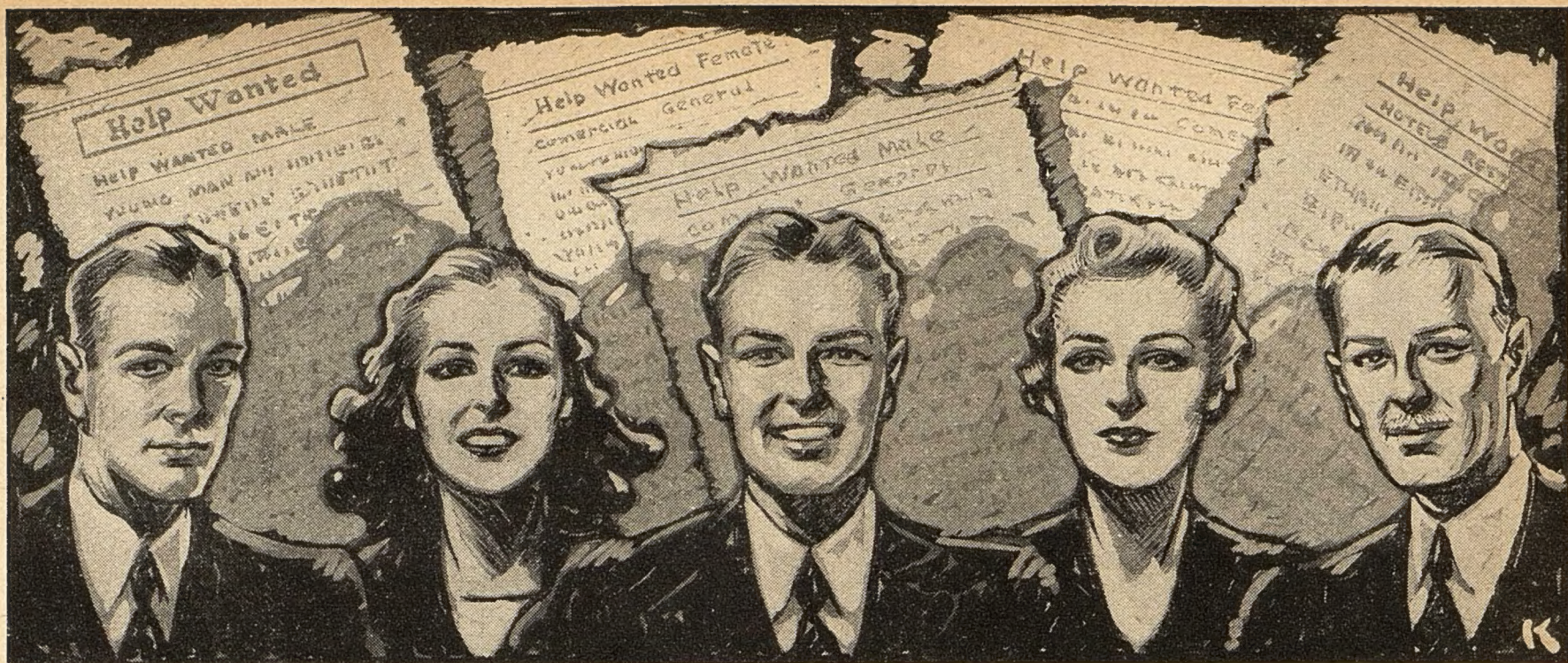


MAKING SWITCHBOARDS



Western Electric

... made your
BELL TELEPHONE



YOU want a job? Well, you can get one! You want a better job? All right! You can get that, too. How dare I promise that? I don't know you, do I? True! But I know more about you than you suspect. You're reading these lines. That puts you well up toward the top. You're not illiterate. You're no moron. You're not silly and aimless. Illiterates, morons, silly and aimless people never even glance at a serious article.

If you have read thus far, I'm sure that you're superior to half of the people. So I promise you a job, if you want one; and a better job, if your present one isn't good enough. I couldn't promise the stupid, lazy, ignorant, unambitious people anything. They're all on the downgrade. Only a miracle will save them. I have no miracles for sale. I have something better: a little horse sense and a lot of experience.

Some of the experience is my own; most of it comes from many other people who have passed their wisdom on to me.

Experience is the best teacher. The second-best teacher is somebody else's experience passed along to you. I offer you a short course in the School of Hard Knocks. The course isn't easy. If it were, it wouldn't be worth a dime.

Remember, you can get a job—or a better one. I can't give it to you. Nobody gives anything these days. But earnest, persistent people can get almost anything they set out to get.

"What do you think people usually say first of all when they come in seeking work?" the head of a

THERE IS A JOB *for You*

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

large employment agency asked me the other day. "I've been keeping a record. It's shocking. Four out of five job hunters ask, right off the bat, 'What have you got to give me today?' And they blink foolishly when I answer, 'Nothing.'"

Santa Claus gives things away, but business men don't. If they did, they'd soon be out of business. Then they'd have nothing left to give away.

WHICH is easier, playing on a football team or getting a job? Playing on the team, of course. It calls for fewer skills than most jobs do. Competition is less severe, too. But how many people do you know who train for getting a job half as hard as boys train at football? Many a high-school lad will devote his best hours for four years just to make the team and to get a chance at a college team later.

Know any high-school lad who

spends that much time and energy training for a job? Maybe. If so, bring him around. I'd like to meet him. (I might even find a job for him.) He's going places.

Thousands of high-school graduates enter the world of business believing that their diplomas will get them quick jobs. (Teachers lie to them.) I've heard girls say they will get twenty dollars a week as soon as they finish school. Years later they aren't getting fifteen—chiefly because they aren't worth even ten. No diploma ever printed gets its holder a job. Why should it? It means nothing in the real world of business. (Or else it means that the holder knows nothing about business.)

Forget schools and false promises. Start afresh. Come with me into the School of Hard Knocks. What can it teach you?

You must finish four hard tasks: Fit yourself for a job.

Get a job.

Make good on the job.

Rise to a better job.

You succeed at each task only by following three great rules:

Use what you know!

Do what you can!

Live up to yourself!

I hope all this doesn't sound easy. You must understand that you must work hard for a long time before you finish the four tasks. Often the three rules may perplex you, too. But if you mean business you'll follow through and win.

Now, please master the rules before you tackle your four tasks. Be patient while we explain each rule. Don't complain because I'm not tell-

Practical advice to youth from one who knows! Liberty begins a vital new series

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

Author of *Life Begins at Forty*

ing you at once where to seek work. You'd waste your time and money seeking work in the wrong way. Even if you landed a job, you probably wouldn't make good at it; so you'd have to begin all over again.

Use What You Know!

YOU know ten times more arithmetic (and even algebra) than did Aristotle, the wisest man of ancient Athens. You can do things with fractions and decimals which were utterly beyond the powers of the thousand wisest men who lived before Columbus discovered the New World.

You know more about the sun and moon and stars than did the wisest astronomers of a thousand years ago. You know more about physics and biology than did anybody five hundred years ago. If some magician could put you back into a city of the year 1500 A. D., people would worship you as a god; for you would outshine all their sages.

Why don't people worship you nowadays?

My answer will puzzle you. *You don't use what you know!*

A well educated person uses what he knows to help him get along in all of life's ordinary situations. And he knows enough to get along, too.

An ignorant fellow doesn't know enough. Be sorry for him as he tries to use what little he knows.

A highbrow has his mind stuffed with useless information. It never helps him get along. He may know when Genghis Khan attacked Persia, and how many lima beans are in a pod; but he cannot turn such facts to any good account.

An impractical person may know all sorts of valuable things, but he lacks either the sense or ambition or energy to use what he knows.

Which of these four human types are you?

The odds are about ten to one that you are simply impractical. You know quite enough to get along well, but you don't use what you know. Do you doubt me? Well, I may be wrong about you, but we can settle the question easily.

Here's the sad tale of a young man. He worked for a friend of mine, a prominent business executive. My friend thought well of the youth. Once he took him to Chicago on an important errand.

They dined on the train. As it raced around a curve, it spilled coffee from the young man's overfull cup.

"Always fill your cup half full," said his employer. "The centrifugal force on these sharp curves is too great for a full cup."

In Chicago the young man acquitted himself well. The pair returned to New York. Again the young man filled his cup too full of coffee. Again the swing around a curve spilled it.

"He still works for me," says my friend. "He's too good to discharge. But I'll never promote him to the

post I had in mind for him. You see, he made the same mistake twice. I told him not to fill his cup full. He knew what centrifugal force is. He knew the road is full of sharp curves. But he didn't use what he knew. Too bad!"

Now, be honest with yourself. Have you ever done anything like that? Or do you always use what you know? And do you start using it *as soon as you learn it*?

Do you know that a soft answer turneth away wrath? I hope so. It's one of the few universal truths of psychology. All right! Do you always use it? Whenever you face an angry person, do you speak gently, maintain an agreeable smile, and suppress your strong impulse to snarl and bite?

Do you know that $10 \times 10 = 100$? Are you sure you know it? Fine! And do you always use this well established fact? For instance, do you arrive at your office (or school) on time instead of ten minutes late because you understand that being late ten times would cost yourself and your employer 100 minutes of service? Do you master typewriting completely, so that you avoid making ten errors in your letters every day? Do you realize that ten such errors daily amount to 100 errors in ten days—or perhaps enough to throw an entire office staff just a little out of stride?

DO you know what it means to say that the odds are three to one against an event's happening? It means that there are four possible outcomes, and that three of these will prevent the particular event from happening. All right. Not hard, is it? But do you use this fact? Let's see.

You may decide to seek a position as a typist or as a stenographer. Do you know the odds against your getting such a job? They are three to one.

Every year four young people go forth into the world seeking stenographic and typing positions for every such position that opens up in that same year. Four job seekers for each job! Not a very good prospect, is it? Well, do you use the fact?

Aha! I hear somebody say: "How can I use such a fact?"

Here's how to use it:

Be the best stenographer and typist out of every four! In the long run this will make almost certain your getting one of the few open positions!

And thus always and everywhere. The stiffer the odds are against you, the finer your performance must be. Think it over. It has some amazing implications.

Maybe you didn't know that small businesses are steadily losing out everywhere, while the big highly centralized and well financed enterprises are gaining. Well, you know it now. It isn't my guess. Read the government and trade reports. It's

well established. And how use that fact?

In a few minutes you will start your first task of fitting yourself for a job. Perhaps you dream of running your own grocery or garage or beauty shop. If you do, you'd better use this fact about the decline of little tradesmen at once. Fully half of all small grocers ought to close up. They serve too few families. They lack working capital. They carry meager stocks and render poor service. How use this in your business?

Fit yourself for the small grocery business by becoming better trained and better financed than half of all our grocers now are. Only thus will you ever arrive.

As we take up each of your four great tasks, we shall return to this business of using what you know.

Do What You Can!

THREE things you may sell: useful knowledge, useful skill, or useful character. Some jobs call for all three, some for two, some for only one.

Skill is tricky. Prepare to be fooled. You can do much more than you think you can. You can hold hundreds of jobs which have never appealed to you and which seem far beyond you. Any high-school graduate with a normal mind and body can master seven out of every ten jobs.

Most of the jobs you can handle well you probably never heard of. You don't even know their names. They are open in places you have never visited. Many of them pay much better than the jobs you now seek. Nobody has ever published a list of them all. Nobody has ever described the skills each one requires.

And that's your bad luck.

For you may fit best in some work now unknown to you. And nobody can tell you the road to it. You must hunt. Don't wait for Santa Claus.

Now for the next surprise. Don't let your present interests fool you. They are cheats. I know your schoolteachers (and probably your parents too) have told you that you will succeed best along the lines in which you are most keenly interested. But this is bunk, bunk, and more bunk. Thousands of young people have been ruined by such nonsense. If I do nothing more than convince you that you dare not trust your own interests, I shall be satisfied.

Most of us, especially when young, become interested in activities praised by persons we admire or respect. A boy hears his mother declare that a clergyman is the noblest of all men. She wishes a son of hers might become a clergyman. The boy loves his mother and respects her opinion. So he toils to become a clergyman. Years later he may discover himself to be a complete flop. He may lack several skills, such as those of public speaking or administrative tech-

(Continued on page 10)



Sure...everybody notices the one black sheep!

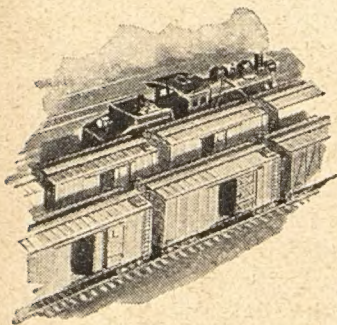
BEER WAS BREWED IN ANCIENT EGYPT:

Beer has been brewed for thousands of years. Ancient Egyptian manuscripts mention beer. Perhaps beer helped quench the thirst of workmen who built the Sphinx and Pyramids.



NEEDED: 312,500 FREIGHT CARS.

A freight train, 2485 miles long would be needed to hold the 25,000,000,000 pounds of farm products bought by beer since re-legalization. Every year, the produce of 3,000,000 farm acres is purchased by beer.



TRADITIONAL BEVERAGE OF FRIENDSHIP AND OF MODERATION.

Good beer has always been associated with good manners and good friends. It is also the beverage of moderation . . . a point worth remembering in these busy, fast-moving modern times.



That's one of the reasons why the Brewing Industry has adopted a plan to eliminate ALL black sheep from Beer Retailing

Out of a quarter of a million retail establishments in America selling beer, there are bound to be a few retailers who disobey the law or permit anti-social conditions. Actually, the percentage of these "black sheep" retailers is very low.

Nevertheless . . . to protect the good name of beer . . . the brewing industry wants undesirable, anti-social retailing *eliminated entirely*. We want *all* beer taverns to be what the vast majority of them already are . . . clean, attractive, decent places, *as wholesome as beer itself*.

We are now taking action to do this with a new "clean-up or close-up" program. It is already in operation in a number of states and will be extended to others as rapidly as possible. We want you to know about it. May we send you an interesting *free* booklet? Write—United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C13, 21 East 40th St., New York.



BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

(Continued from page 8)

nique. Or he may have outgrown his earlier religious beliefs. So he must begin life over again.

Again, we see a small part of some job and mistake the part for the whole. We fall in love with the seen part and plunge into the whole job. Then comes the shock.

A girl raves over a movie star on the screen. She meets the star and gets her autograph. What a wonderful career in the movies! The smitten damsel plunges. She may even borrow money to go to Hollywood. She tries to break in as an extra. Soon her eyes are opened. She sees the grind of endless rehearsals, the wear and tear of studio life, the harsh discipline which actresses must endure. Prizefighters train no more vigorously than these screen successes.

Our ambitious young lady finds that she cannot stand the gaff. Even if she gets a chance, she cannot rise to it. So back she goes to home and mama.

Thus with every art and every profession. The whole job is vastly harder than the part which the public sees. One day in a month the trial lawyer dazzles the courtroom with his oratory and his wit. The other twenty-nine days of the month he grinds away from dawn to midnight, analyzing tedious evidence, quizzing witnesses, arguing with clients . . . the hardest drive in the world, I sometimes think, as I watch them.

Acting, music, medicine, surgery, architecture, engineering—all are the same. What the young person sees is the least fraction of the entire career. What he sees is usually the most thrilling intriguing part. No wonder his interest swells!

Psychologists who have studied real-life cases of people badly mal-adjusted in their jobs have made a startling discovery. They find that these unhappy workers are only a little worse off in jobs they got by pure chance than they would be in jobs they sigh for. Their interests deceive them.

SO with most of us until we have tried out our skills and found which fit jobs well and which do not. Years bring wisdom. The more jobs you have held, the more clearly you distinguish between mere likes and real skills.

"Oh, dear!" protests some young reader. "I could never make good at a job in which I wasn't interested!"

You raise an important point. Two things must be said about it. First of all, the most highly skilled people tend to lose interest in their tasks. Interest is strongest at first. It accompanies ignorance. The greatest violinist takes little interest in playing a concerto for the hundredth time perfectly. He may even be thinking of something else while he plays. Did you know that some musicians regularly do this? Odd! But true.

Secondly, you'll be amazed at the speed with which you develop a lively interest in a line of work which never before appealed to you, *provided that you study it seriously*. The more you find to learn, the more likely you are to become interested. Try it. Start investigating some job wholly strange to you. Watch how you brighten as it broadens. Luckily for us all, we can create interest simply by tackling a thing in earnest.

Now comes one more surprise. Don't scoff at little skills. Cultivate every petty skill, every absurd skill. Each may become valuable in combination with higher skills.

Can you draw funny faces on a windowpane with a piece of soap? If you can, practice away at it. I know a young Indianapolis electrician who hunted vainly for two years for a job, and finally landed one when, in mere fun, he drew a funny face with a bar of soap on a grocer's window. The grocer chased him two blocks up the street, breathing vengeance. Then he came back to his store, and saw a score of people laughing at the cartoon. He hired the electrician the next day. Now our hero is well on his way.

Can you whittle designs in wood? Keep it up. I know a California engineer who whittled away just to keep his mind off his black worries. One day on the train he whittled out a clever design for an auto radiator cap. A fellow passenger liked it and ordered several as Christmas gifts. Now our engineer has a thriving business built around that whittling.

Do you remember people's names easily and for a long time? With that skill alone you'd never get a job; but combine it with the larger skills of an office manager and it may lift you high above all your competitors. How people like to be greeted by name as they enter an office!

Can you recall and tell stories easily? Cultivate the gift. It may land you in a job far better than any you hope for, some fine day when you least expect good luck. I know a man who rose fast chiefly because he told a funny yarn that brought a laugh from his boss on a day when the boss was blue. Bosses are like that.

I also know a clever man who was greatly helped up the ladder of success simply because he hit on a comical dance step and showed it off at a party. His boss's daughter saw it, had him teach it to her, and from then on all was easy. Bosses' daughters are like that.

More of skills when we turn to your four great tasks.

Live Up to Yourself!

AND now for the greatest of all rules. Live up to yourself! Who are you? What are you? Are you better than your acts indicate? Have you greater abilities than you have ever yet displayed?

Psychologists have the answer ready. Ever since William James, a generation ago, first assured us all that we have "untapped reservoirs

of energy" within ourselves, scientists have been studying common people to find out how much truth there is in it. They agree pretty well today that James did not exaggerate.

Not one man in a thousand uses his brain to even half its capacity during his entire life. Not one in a thousand accomplishes half as much as he might with the same effort better spent. Not one in a thousand gets half as much fun out of life as he might with a clearer philosophy and a stronger character.

Today we have all of the good things of life in abundance, except only character. Lacking character, we are in danger of losing what good things we now have. For without character we grow confused over our aims. Being aimless, we cannot direct our energies well. Thus we become weak, even though potentially strong.

The other day a keen New York banker said to me: "Yes, we have no trouble finding plenty of competent workers for any job to be filled. But we can't find people who believe in anything any more. They don't believe in banking nor in any other business nor in any profession. They don't believe in their country. They don't believe in themselves. What wouldn't I give for somebody who believed in something worth while!"

That cry goes up everywhere. Our leaders seek men and women who

Professor Pitkin will give another School-of-Hard-Knocks lesson in Liberty next week.

want to live up to themselves. They seek workers who believe in themselves, and in tomorrow. Without vision, the people perish. Who will supply that vision? You?

Are you here to stay? Or will you soon be gone with the wind? Would you like to live up to yourself and become the best that's in you? Or are you content to become a white worm in a rotting world?

Would you rather work upward or loaf downward?

Character is a set of well knit habits woven around a philosophy of life. No philosophy, no character. No habits, no character.

You must have vision. And you must act according to it.

"Oh, but all I want is a job!" somebody cries. "You haven't told me yet how to get a job tomorrow morning!"

Oh, yes, I have. Only you don't know it yet.

Come back next week to the School of Hard Knocks. By that time you'll have made a discovery. And I'll tell you more.

For we are now ready to help you fit yourself for a job, find a job, make good on it, and advance later to a better one.

Let's apply these three great rules of life.

THE END

WHY I WON'T JOIN THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

by Mahatma Gandhi

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I HAVE been asked many times my opinion of the Oxford Group, and, more recently, of the Moral Rearmament movement that its founder, Dr. Frank Buchman, initiated. The outbreak of hostilities in Europe raises the Moral Rearmament campaign into the greatest prominence, since it is maintained that if the warring nations joined heart and soul in the principles of the movement, there would be peace in the world today. But before I state the points on which I disagreed with it when it was originally proposed to me, I would like to consider the Oxford Group itself. Perhaps I can best say how I feel toward it by reporting a recent conversation.

Shortly after the war started, six friends who are members of the Group came to visit me. They included an attorney and his wife, an American journalist, a European railway official, and the gifted daughter of a one-time English army officer. They described their mission as one of "thinking aloud and spiritual sharing," and their spokesman said to me:

"You have always been listening to God. We feel that the solution of those problems for which you have worked would be reached if all the millions of India would listen to God. We feel we have a place in this plan, and therefore we have come to you. Each day we are silent for a certain period to listen to God and to find out what He wants of us; we know that this is true of you too, and that all your actions are taken only under God's guidance."

I told these friends that I admired their enthusiasm and their certainty, and that I wished I could share it—for I could not. "Yes," I said, "I have tried my very best to make India's millions listen to the way of God, and I have had some success—but I am still very far away from the goal. Perhaps it is because the more I listen myself, the more I discover that God is still infinitely distant from me. Yes, I can lay down the rules essential for proper listening, but the reality escapes me."

For, I continued, although we can say that we are listening to God and receiving answers and guidance, is there not every possibility of self-deception? Listening to God's voice presupposes a fitness to listen, which is acquired only after a constant and patient striving and waiting. A

great Hindu philosopher once compared the process to an attempt to drain the sea by means of a pipe as small as a blade of grass—and yet at the same time the effort must be as natural as breathing or the winking of an eye. Only this waiting and striving, and only this natural acceptance of it, can take us face to face with God.

"I am by no means sure," I said, "that I myself am free from self-deception. I have been asked if I may not be mistaken in what I think is God's guidance, and in all truth I must answer, Yes, very likely!"

I said this to these friends, first, in order to warn them what a mistake it is to be convinced that one can always listen to the voice of God simply by sitting in silence and telling oneself that it is happening; and second, to show them that it is unwise to assure the millions of humble people that if they listen, all their problems will be solved. Those who are not in want can say, "We listen, and our questions are answered." But how could any one say honestly

to India's hungry thousands, "Listen, and you shall receive the bread that you need"?

I concluded that I did not think one should merely advise the people as a whole to listen and to pray. To put it in Indian terms, I thought instead that one might tell the Harijan (the poverty-stricken untouchable) to pray for the sins which may originally have made him an untouchable, but that the Savarna Hindu (the powerful orthodox Hindu), who has kept him an untouchable, should be told to repent, and to do this by befriending the untouchable and by raising him to his own level.

This expresses my general feelings toward the Oxford Group and the ideas that it proposes. My opinion of its Moral Rearmament movement is more definite because of something that happened shortly before the war broke out.

At that time an appeal was issued by the movement to the nations of the world. The President of the United States endorsed it and advocated Moral Rearmament as a means



"I am a believer in the laws of Truth and Non-Violence, and so I can acclaim their emphasis on improving oneself, not others."

A famous leader of millions and a lover of peace makes a candid, surprising confession

of maintaining peace. "A program of Moral Rearmament for the world," said Mr. Roosevelt, "cannot fail to lessen the dangers of armed conflict. Such Moral Rearmament must receive support on a world-wide basis."

I understand that, besides the President and others, twenty-three members of Great Britain's House of Lords supported the appeal, declaring that "men and nations must be spiritually equipped with faith and love."

A response to this appeal was drawn up, and I was invited to sign it. The response read, in part:

"Moral Rearmament means first of all a change of heart. It means admission of our responsibility for the past, a frank acceptance by nations, as by individuals, of the standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love, and daily listening and daily obedience to God's direction. . . . At this fateful hour we pledge ourselves to give the last full measure of our devotion—the service of heart, mind, will—to the Moral and Spiritual Rearmament of our nation—to building the world of tomorrow, the world of new men, new nations, where every resource of human genius is liberated under God's Leadership to enrich the heritage of all mankind."

I TOLD the people who asked for my signature that I could not place my name on the document. This surprised them, for they thought that, because of my life and my work, I would be the first to welcome it.

I can endorse Moral Rearmament, but it would have to be in a different setting. As an Indian, I can have a Moral Rearmament program, and I can invite China to join it—but how can I invite the nations of the West and Japan? And just as it would be unrealistic of me to invite the West and Japan, it is to that extent unrealistic of the West, and of one great nation in particular, to invite India.

But I am not writing this solely to criticize the Oxford Group. There is much that I can commend in it. Besides the friends I have mentioned, I have met many other members, and I must say to their credit that all of them seemed refreshingly frank. Moreover, I am in complete agreement with several of their basic ideas. I am a believer in the laws of Truth and Non-Violence, and so I can acclaim their emphasis on improving oneself rather than expecting others to improve.

And certainly it must be put to their credit that they at least made a sincere and devoted attempt to stave off the crime against God and man that is war. I do not believe that that attempt was on the proper basis, and so long as it remains on that basis I do not believe that it can be successful. But in that it says that there can be only one guiding force, and that the force of God, there I agree, and with all my heart.

THE END

Shovel Bum

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HE was big Rock Killigrew and the tricks he could do with a gas or steam shovel placed a premium on his services in construction camps all over the East and Middle West. Dark eyes restless, hands quick and impatient, he swung the car to the curb in front of old Bing Corrigan's office. Down the street he glimpsed that bridegroom of bridegrooms, Apple Knocker Benton. The bride clung to Apple Knocker's arm. She was Ann, Corrigan's daughter. She was also sister to a girl named Janie.

The couple hastened to him. They shook his hand and inquired how it was down in Maryland, and Rock said things were fine in Maryland, only the job down there wasn't what it had been cracked up to be.

"So you're striking the old man for another job," said Apple Knocker. Killigrew nodded. Apple Knocker said: "He's on the warpath, son. One of these days he's not going to give you your job back."

"There're jobs and jobs," Rock answered, shrugged his big shoulders, and left the bride and groom standing on the sidewalk.

"You were due here today or tomorrow," Corrigan growled, when Rock entered. "You been gone four months—which is usually your limit—and you can keep right on goin'."

"O. K.," said Rock Killigrew.

"Oh, curse you!" Corrigan shouted. "Why can't you grow up? Afraid you were a shovel bum first time I ever laid eyes on you. That look in your eyes. You can't see what's around you for them green hills far away. You're too good a shovel runner for your own good. Well, Mis-ter Killi-grew, you've worked your last time for me."

"O. K.," Rock repeated.

"So you quit down in Maryland, just like you've quit every other job you ever were on. You get restless, or some fool comes along with talk of bigger money somewheres else. You're twenty-eight now, and what are you? Just a shovel bum. You've quit me and quit me and I've rehired you and rehired you. Why? Because you're good. You're tops. And you're throwin' it all away. Lemme tell you somethin'. Heaven don't love a man that throws his talents away. If you'd stuck with me, you'd be a foreman now, like Apple Knocker."

Corrigan's tufted eyebrows bounced up and down. He swore with outraged feeling. He hurled a paper-weight across the room.

"You always catch me with my pants down. Boy, how I do need a real shovel runner! All right, all right. Report to Apple Knocker in the mornin'—and get outa here!"

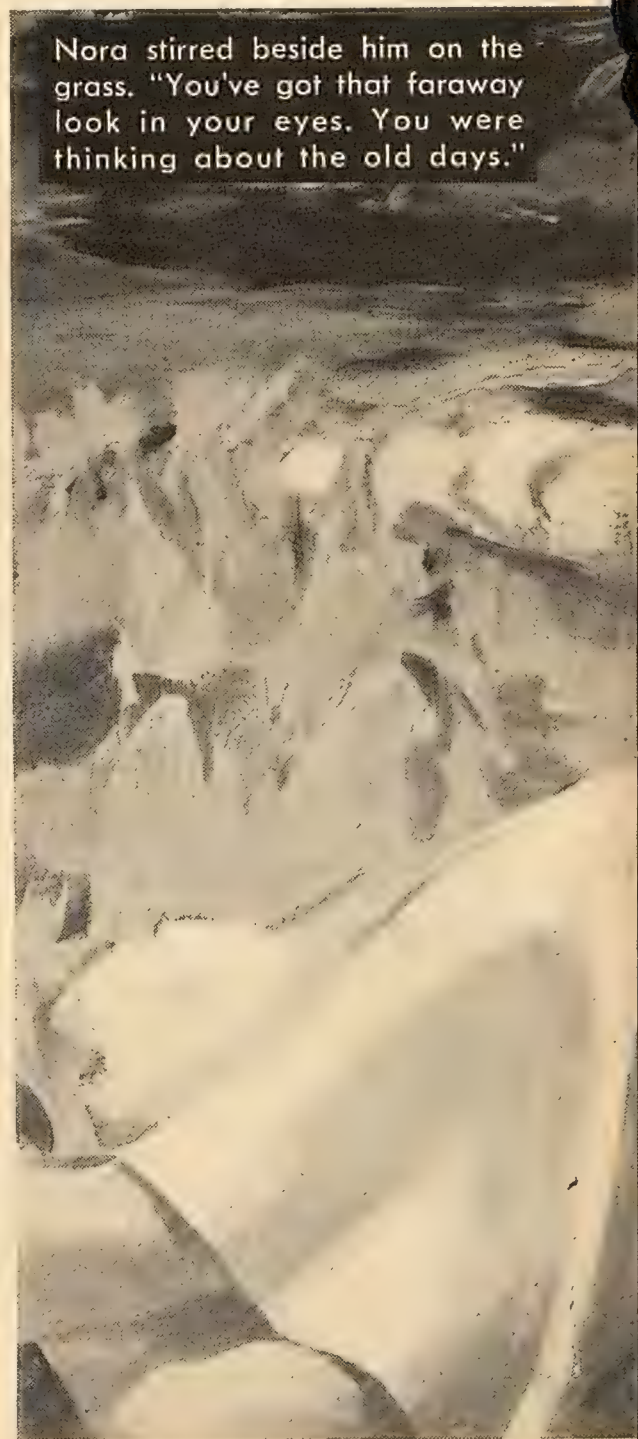
"No," Killigrew said suddenly.

"What?"

"I'll not be reporting to Apple Knocker in the morning. Thanks, Mr. Corrigan."

The bride and groom no longer

Nora stirred beside him on the grass. "You've got that faraway look in your eyes. You were thinking about the old days."



loitered on the sidewalk. Far up the street a dim figure was a girl, a girl who walked like Janie. Killigrew hurried into the car and took the road out of town.

For two weeks he drifted, just drifted, here and there, nothing definite in his mind beyond the knowledge that at last he was awake. Bing Corrigan had burnt him up. Shovel bum!

One day he stopped in an Indiana town resting serenely on the bank of a lackadaisical river. A filling-station man shared half a watermelon with him. A girl went by and smiled for no reason other than that it was good to be alive. A cop leaned against the car and struck up a conversation. From down the street came the banker and invited Rock Killigrew to have a bottle of soda pop at the service station.

"Gosh!" said Killigrew to himself. "Gosh, this is a friendly little old town!"

Before night fell he had got himself a job as a car salesman. After that, the days ran along pleasantly. Killigrew discovered in himself unsuspected talents as a salesman. He got a big kick out of nursing a prospect along and then clinching the deal.

A stirring tale of wanderlust, a man's dilemma, and a girl's steadfast heart

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

For the first time in an improvident life he saved money. Folks liked him. He became what is known as a good citizen. And he met Nora Giles.

She wasn't Janie. She wasn't all fire and pep and ginger. She was just sweet and lovely and for some reason tremendously dear.

It was two years after he'd quit construction, and it was a Sunday. Summer haze filled the air. Killigrew's car rolled softly down the shady street. He parked the car in front of the Giles home, climbed out, crossed the lawn, and mounted the porch.

The fact that he was restless this morning did not prevent him from dropping into a chair and assuming at least an aspect of languor. He was at home here. He'd been coming to Sunday dinner at Nora's for a year. He liked it. Lord, how he did like it!

He'd known precious little home life in his harum-scarum career.

Nora's father sat rocking on the porch. A round comfortable man of middle age. Killigrew liked him too. It was swell to like your girl's folks, to know that your girl's old man thought the world and all of you. Gave a fellow a mighty pleasant feeling. But he wished he wasn't nervous and jumpy this morning.

The kid sister, Alice, plunged out of the house and descended upon him with the Sunday comics. A great kid. Rock read the funnies to her while she perched on the arm of his chair. The kid brother, Bill, brought his stamp collection for inspection.

Later the children drifted away and Rock and Mr. Giles talked. Good satisfying man talk.

Nora came out on the porch and kissed him unaffectedly. He felt the little muscles in her shoulders gather at his touch then become soft and pliant. Her father, making some excuse about seeing a neighbor across the street, left them. And this, too, was pleasant—this sitting here on a shady porch with the girl you loved. You saw the brown curls along her temples and the quiet laughter in her blue eyes, instead of the hard sturdy bulk of a steam shovel. You listened not to the clang of the dipper but to her lazy musical undertones.

They went in to dinner, and it was what Rock Killigrew called a good old-fashioned, all-round country dinner: fried chicken and string beans and potatoes and tomatoes and rolls and iced tea and lemon pie.

After dinner he and Nora went for their usual ride, drifting lazily out of town, parking finally at a green spot on the river bank. Across the river the flat cornlands began. A crazy wish popped unbidden into his mind: he wished they'd invent some way to harvest corn with steam shovels so he wouldn't get so damned lonesome sometimes.

Nora stirred beside him on the grass. "You've got that faraway look in your eyes today."

"I was thinking about a prospect out toward Devon."

"You wouldn't lie to me, Killigrew? Oh, no, you wouldn't! You were thinking about the old days."

He guessed he had been thinking about the old days; about the old in contrast with the new. Former rip-roaring construction man sells cars in sleepy little Indiana city. Goes of a Sunday, for his recreation, out to lounge on bank of lazy little Indiana river. Lord, Lord! What would old Apple Knocker Benton think of that?

"Tell me about the old days, Rock."

"Now listen—"



"They're something I can't share with you. But still, I like to hear you talk about them. I don't even mind about the girls—that is, not much."

"There was one girl. I told you that."

"Yes. She was tall and beautiful and full of—ginger, I think you said—and you loved her and her name was Janie. But she never could grow up and stop wishing for a prince or a president instead of a shovel man. But I wasn't asking about her. Just tell me how it felt to be a construction man."

CONSTRUCTION," he said carefully, wishing to do full justice, "is something just gets into a man's blood. You work like hell and you play the same way. You don't care much about anything. Someway you feel like you're doing something important. You look around at other guys doing the same old thing all the time at the same old place and—well, you sort of pity them—that is, till you get older and get some sense knocked into your fool head. I don't know. Maybe it's just being young, but I've seen old guys felt the same way.

"You have a pal," he continued presently. "You always have a special pal. A job closes and you're out of work for a while. Then you hear about a new job and you wire this pal and he comes a-running. You both get jobs. That night you and the pal celebrate with a few eye-openers. Gosh, I remember one time Apple Knocker Benton wired me in Atlanta."

"He was your special pal, wasn't he? The one who later married Janie's sister?"

"Yeh, he married Ann."

She clutched his fingers. "Rock! Sometimes I think you'll never be satisfied till you go back."

Rock took both her hands in his. "That's where you're wrong, Nora. I'll never go back. I liked the work and I liked the life. But it wasn't for me. It was swell for Apple Knocker. He's got the right slant. He'll go far, Apple Knocker will. Oh, he used to raise Cain when he was younger, but that was my fault. I was the wilder of us two and, I reckon, the stronger—in some ways. I led him on. But he saves his money now and he's out for promotion. He'll go far."

"And you wouldn't?"

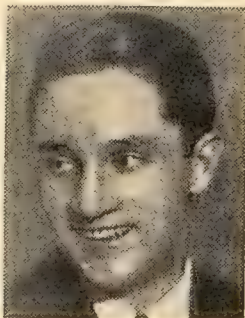
"Not in construction. Something about the excitement always got me. I was a drifter. I'd throw up a job at the bat of an eye and go on to another one. After a while I got to liking doing that. Men wanted me on their jobs because I was good as long as I stayed. But when they handed out promotions, it was the Apple Knocker Bentons that got 'em. I couldn't be trusted. One day old man Bing Corrigan, God bless him, cussed me out and opened my eyes. I saw then where I was headed. I was getting to be a fine shovel bum!"

A dreamy look of satisfaction stole into the girl's eyes. Her fingers held his warmly. "Darling, I know you so

well. I can always tell when you're thinking back. I guess I'm proudest of you then, because I know you miss the old excitement and yet you won't weaken."

Rock said honestly: "Yes, I get all restless and on edge sometimes and itchy for the old excitement. Sometimes this right hand just aches to feel a hoisting throttle again. But—" He shrugged. "I reckon guys that quit liquor get the craving once in a while."

"You've made me very happy today, Rock. I understand better than ever before. I'm not jealous of the old days. You are my man now. You had the sense and the courage to change. You've settled down and—



JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

born in Virginia, is a graduate of the University of Virginia. He has been a salesman and has worked on magazines, but he now devotes his full time to writing. He likes to travel, go to ball games, and loaf, but his passion is turkey hunting.

oh, settling down isn't the dreary thing so many people try to make you think. It's what you do when you take inventory and say, 'Look here, you. Are you going to amount to something, or aren't you?'"

Rock kissed her. He was no longer on edge. He felt fine. People had always liked him. But Nora was the first person to say he had courage—oh, not the courage it took in a fist fight but that deeper courage. And she was the first person to depend upon him. He kissed her again.

"I sort of like you, Killigrew."

MRS. GILES said: "A man called you while you and Nora were out. Left a funny name. Apple—Apple something—"

Ten minutes later Rock plunged into Apple Knocker's hotel room and they shook hands and swore and punched each other.

"Ann with you?"

"Yeh, Rock—and Janie, too. Down the hall in Janie's room. We thought we'd run into town and spend the night. You son of a gun! I like to of never found out where you were. Finally Tom Brant said he'd heard this dump was where you'd holed up."

"How's Tom?"

"Oh, same as usual. He's with us on the new job."

"What new job?"

"Highway contract near Devon, forty miles from here. Say, I got one shovel that's the newest thing in shovels. Boy, I can see you now running that baby!" He was silent a long second, sending his gaze over Killigrew's lanky form. Then, in a low hopeful voice, he said: "How soon can you leave, Rock?"

"Not me. I've reformed."

"O. K. Drink?"

"Sure."

Apple Knocker found a bottle and

glasses. Rock fished out cigarettes, flung one carelessly over to Apple Knocker; and Apple Knocker caught it, after the manner of other days, neatly between a thumb and forefinger and flipped it to his mouth. They both laughed.

"You son of a gun," said Rock.

"I'm a superintendent now, Rock. I can give you a job as foreman."

"Congratulations and thanks—but it's no dice. I'm not going back to construction, Apple Knocker."

"O. K.," Apple Knocker said again.

"A guy can't help wishing, though."

The sisters came in then. Rock rose automatically to his feet and felt like a statue standing there. Ann kissed him and he shook hands with Janie. Same old Janie, as vivid as ever. Bright-red cheeks under jet-black hair. Hot fingers squeezing his.

Apple Knocker said: "This guy says he's not going back with us."

"Rock!" Ann and Janie exclaimed together.

"It's a fact," he said, a little wearily.

Ann said: "Construction's in your blood, son."

"That's where you're wrong," he told her firmly. "I'd be the same drifter I used to be."

"I'm not so sure," Ann said quickly, and he couldn't help seeing the sidewise glance she cast at Janie. He felt blood rush into his face and, letting go of Janie's hand, he lit a cigarette and found himself a chair.

"You're a construction man," Apple Knocker said. Then his voice trailed off as he added: "I got to shave."

Rock followed him into the bathroom. Through the closed door he could hear the murmur of the women's voices.

"Ann's looking fine."

"I think so," said Apple Knocker, and seemed waiting for something. Finally he added: "And Janie, too."

"Oh, sure. Same old Janie."

"Maybe not exactly the same," Apple Knocker said carefully, and waited again. Rock made no reply, and at last Apple Knocker took up the slack: "Rock, Janie has grown up."

ROCK clipped off three words: "Time she did," and walked out of the bathroom. Janie stood alone by the window. He moved slowly toward her in the half-shy way he had moved so many times before. She gave him the old-time look over her shoulder.

"Ann went to my room to write a letter."

They stood together at the window, their shoulders touching. Yonder, beyond the flatlands of Indiana, somewhere far away, the sun went down. It occurred to him that never in all their days together had he and Janie stood quietly and watched a sunset.

"I'm older than I used to be, Rock."

What was the answer to that one? He didn't know. He just uttered the first words that reached his tongue. "You bet. We—we're all older than we used to be."

Killigrew wasn't so hot on that one, he thought. Something of her former scornful spoiled impatience flashed in Janie's eyes. He was glad that Apple Knocker came out of the bathroom then.

Ann returned, and Apple Knocker poured drinks for all of them. They sat down, and Janie said brightly that it was like old times. It *was* old times all over again, thought Rock. In the morning he and Apple Knocker would be at the shovels. Lost in memory, he hardly heard Apple Knocker say: "Old Dogtooth Hammacker's with us on the new job."

"Dogtooth! Is that guy still alive?"

"You bet. And Mike Johns is with us, too."

"Mike Johns. Well, some woman's husband will kill him this time, sure."

"He's a husband himself now," Janie said quickly. "Nearly all the old crowd's married."

Apple Knocker leaned forward. "I remember one morning I came by your shovel. You whirled round in the cab and said to me: 'I'm a king, Apple Knocker, a great big old rock-busting king. I can take this little old sweetheart of a shovel and make her do anything I want.' I thought you were drunk, and I guess you were drunk in a way—drunk on yourself and the things you could do."

"It's still no dice, Apple Knocker," Killigrew said.

He was conscious of Janie's shrill half-angry exclamation and of Apple Knocker Benton saying: "Cut it, Janie. Let him alone." Conscious, too, of Apple Knocker's hand gripping his. "You're the doctor," Apple Knocker said to him.

"I'm not going to be a shovel bum again, Apple Knocker."

"You're the doctor," Apple Knocker repeated.

AFTER all, they did not spend the night. They left for Devon at ten o'clock. Killigrew saw them leave, then drove through the sleeping town. His fingers rested tensely on the gearshift. Only it wasn't a gearshift; it was the crowd lever on that shovel of Apple Knocker's that was the newest thing in shovels.

He found Nora alone on the porch. "Was it good to see Apple Knocker again?"

"It was swell. And Ann, too."

"Was—was Janie with them?"

"Yes, she came too. They're on a job near Devon."

"I suppose you'll be driving over there to see them and see the job. Take me with you, Rock."

"I'll not be driving over to see the new job."

"It's chilly, isn't it?"

"Yes—chilly for this time of year."

"Good night, Rock."

Monday a sale slipped through his fingers that he'd felt certain was clinched. Tuesday he lost his temper with a mechanic who had neglected to install a radio on a car due for delivery that very day. Wednesday night he and Nora had their first spat. A

silly business arising from a minor difference of opinion concerning the house they would take when they were married next month. They made up almost immediately, but recollection of the spat left him with his nerves protesting.

Thursday he sent flowers to the mechanic's sick wife and felt better. But on Friday the boss said: "Rock, you're looking seedy. Take the day off, son, take the day off."

So Rock called Nora and they went on a picnic. And to save his life, he could think of nothing but the most banal things to say. Finally they just sat silent and watched the river rippling below them. Now and then a frown gathered on Nora's forehead.

When they were ready to leave, she asked him to let her drive. He nodded. Sitting beside her, he found his eyes falling shut. "Go to sleep, little boy," she whispered. Rock grinned at her and let his head rest on the back of the seat.

He came awake with a start. They were in a town, but it wasn't home. It—why, it was Devon! The car was drawn up at the curb and Nora was gazing speculatively at him, as if she'd been sitting there a long while waiting for him to wake up.

"What the devil does this mean?"

"I wanted to surprise you. This is where your friends live."

He was on the point of asking her what that had to do with it, when he heard a cry and looked up to see Ann and Janie running across the street. They shook his hand and Rock made the introductions.

"You've just got to go out and see the new job."

"Sorry, Ann. Have to get back. Tell Apple Knocker—"

"He doesn't have to get back," Nora said brightly. "Of course we want to go out to the job."

Rock looked at her. He was feeling

at this instant just a little grim toward Nora. His moment of indecision passed. He got out, installed Ann and Janie on the back seat, and slid under the wheel. Four miles beyond Devon they reached the job, and Apple Knocker came whooping to meet them.

Then Killigrew was standing on a bank watching a shovel gouge its way into a rock cut. Dimly he heard Apple Knocker saying that this was the only rock on the whole job. Dimly, too, he was conscious of Ann and Janie and Nora Giles standing very silent just behind him. Everybody seemed waiting for something. He heard himself say: "Your man there on the shovel—he's not so hot."

Softly came Apple Knocker Benton's reply: "You show him, Rock."

His legs acted without orders. He ran down the bank and was up over the catwalk and into the cab in a flash. The shovel man stared bug-eyed at him.

"Say, fellow, didn't you ever work in rock before? You gotta go slow in rock. Can't fill your dipper going fast. Let me show you."

Once more he handled a hoisting throttle and a crowd lever. Once more he felt the machinery as sensitive to his touch as a high-spirited but finely trained colt.

Thirty minutes later Killigrew climbed down from the cab. A smudge ran from his right ear to the corner of his mouth. Grease stained his clothes. He was oblivious to it. A rich sensation ran through him. He was still tops as a shovel man.

"And it's big Killigrew come back!"

He whirled and wrung Tom Brant's



Killigrew heard himself say: "Your man on the shovel—he's not so hot."

hand. The years fell away. They were two kids again. The guy up yonder on the shovel wasn't that guy at all; he was Apple Knocker Benton just learning to run a shovel, and Killigrew and Brant were standing there grinning at him.

"It's a good job," Brant said finally, and brought Rock back to the present. "But—oh, I hate to leave old Apple Knocker—but Tony Mason wired me about a job in Philly and—"

"Sure enough?" Rock cut in.

"You bet. Listen, Rock. They're paying two dollars an hour in Philly. You want me to wire and see if Tony can get you a job?"

"Nuts to Tony Mason. I can get my own jobs. I'm Rock Killigrew!"

Then the rich sensation melted and he felt as if time had laid another year to the burden on his shoulders. He said dully: "I got to find Apple Knocker, Tom. I'll see you."

"Where's Nora?" he asked Apple Knocker.

"She and Ann and Janie went back to town. They took your car. You're to ride in with me. We're going out to supper."

Killigrew measured him with a long look. He turned and gave the shovel a wistful glance. He saw Tom Brant down yonder and thought of Philadelphia and two dollars an hour. "Them green hills far away," Corrigan had said. Philly. Never had liked that town much. What difference did that make? A job was a job and two dollars always added up to two dollars. No, it didn't, either. A shovel bum's two bucks went no further than a car salesman's two bits. It was funny to feel not so young as once you were.

"I'm sorry you didn't want to stay," Nora said. They were waiting in Rock's car for Janie and the Bentons to come out of their Devon cottage. "But they insisted so much, Rock, and—well, I thought you'd like it."

"I probably will," Rock said carelessly. He was annoyed at himself; for some nameless reason Killigrew at that moment didn't like Killigrew.

The others joined them. Rock noted at once that Janie wore more powder and brighter paint than he remembered. But it didn't bother him; he was just proud that Nora had such skill with make-up. A shrillness in Janie's voice told him she'd sneaked an eye-opener before leaving.

The roadhouse that had become a favorite with the Bentons and Janie sat in a grove of trees three miles beyond the town. A four-piece orchestra began to tune up as they ordered. People Rock had known in the other days drifted up to shake his hand. Tom Brant squeezed in at their table. He talked to Apple Knocker, and good old Apple Knocker said: "It's O. K., Tom. I can't blame you if there's more money in Philly."

"Is there more money in Philadelphia?" Nora laughed.

Rock made a brave effort in the direction of levity: "Why doesn't somebody tell you these things? Money

grows in long thick rows—in Philly."

"Killigrew has come alive again," Janie chanted. "There. They're playing. Let's dance."

But she said it to his back. He'd already drawn Nora to her feet. They danced down the floor and Nora said: "So Mr. Brant is going to leave Apple Knocker and go to—Philly?"

"You don't miss much, do you, kid?"

"I like Apple Knocker."

"He's tops. Like the others?"

"I like—all your friends, Rock."

They went back and Apple Knocker asked Nora to dance. Tom did the same for Ann. Janie said: "Where'd you find her?"

Hot angry red flew into his face. He said with deadly quiet: "Things aren't what they used to be between us, Janie. You can't say the things—Oh, I'm sorry, Janie. Let it go. I wish you two would like each other."

"We love each other," Janie said, and, as the others returned, danced away with Tom Brant.

MIKE JOHNS, already well caught up with his drinking, came by their table, and Rock shook hands with him and introduced him to Nora.

"Mike's got his tonnage," Rock said, when Johns had passed on. "That's one guy I could go the rest of my life without seeing."

"Oh, he's all right," Apple Knocker said.

"Philly . . . two dollars . . . Tony Mason," Tom Brant was saying in his ear.

Rock said suddenly: "If you leave Apple Knocker on the first job he's bossing, I'll break your neck."

"I guess big Killigrew never left old man Corrigan!"

He had no chance to reply to Tom, if indeed he could have thought of a reply to that telling shaft, because at that moment Mike Johns returned. Leaning over the table, he pulled Janie to her feet. "Let's dance. Let's see what Killigrew will do. Used to be a time when he wouldn't let you dance with me."

Killigrew knew he had to say something light and to the point, so he said: "All objections canceled, Mike."

"You and Mike," Apple Knocker laughed, as Janie and Mike danced. "Like a pair of bulldogs."

"I had to get him told a couple of times in the old days," Rock said shortly. He looked down the floor and noticed that he didn't care how closely Mike held Janie.

Apple Knocker danced again with Nora, and Tom Brant with Ann.

The dancers returned. Mike Johns grinned down at Killigrew and asked Nora to dance. Rock caught Nora's swift glance of inquiry. He didn't open his mouth, but his eyes said: "It's O. K. Dance once with him, for politeness, here before my old friends, and then let's get out of here."

He gazed down the floor and went tense. Johns might have that wife Janie had mentioned, but he was still Mike Johns, the predator. Janie clutched his arm. "Don't make a fool

of yourself. It's all right. She just doesn't understand."

Afterward he had some recollection of snapping: "She doesn't have to!" Anyway, he shook Janie's hand off and went down the floor in long strides. He came to where Nora stood rigid in Mike Johns' arms and his voice had a silky tone: "You tired of dancing, Nora?"

"Yes! Yes, Rock, I am."

"Beat it, Mike," Rock said.

Mike said: "S'pose I—well, just s'pose I don't want to beat it."

Killigrew would never forget that. He always remembered that his right hand hurt like fury and that old A. K. Benton was at his side before Mike Johns had finished getting up off the floor. He remembered that Janie grabbed his arm and cried sharply: "It was her fault. But are you going to let him call you all those names? He's asking you to come outside!"

He looked parallel at Apple Knocker and he looked down at Nora, and he said: "Run along, Mike."

"You're yellow, Killigrew."

Nora said: "Go with him, Rock, if you have to. But—just beat hell out of him."

You funny little thing! he thought. Then he found that he could laugh, and found, too, that he had the courage not to go outside with Mike. He heard Apple Knocker say to Mike Johns: "You poor dumb fool, you don't know how close you are to getting killed." Rock guided Nora down the floor. Apple Knocker came outside with them. Apple Knocker shook hands with him, and all of a sudden Apple Knocker kissed Nora.

"That's for good luck for both of you," he said.

THE road from Devon ran on and on. A quiet, soothing road. He knew now why he hadn't liked Killigrew tonight. Adolescence and maturity had met tonight in Killigrew. He'd loved getting back on a shovel, but the old enthusiasm wouldn't come when Tom Brant mentioned "them green hills far away." He'd hated himself for not responding, and, on the other hand, hated himself for wanting so desperately to respond.

Mike Johns had danced with Janie, symbol of the old days, and it hadn't mattered. He'd danced with Nora and that was different. Maybe there were folks wise enough to tie the whole business up together and make sense out of it. He looked sharply at Nora.

"Some people are smart," he said. "Some are dumb and have to have the smart people show the way for them."

"Is this the time of night to talk riddles?"

"I don't think that's any riddle to you."

"I sort of like you, Killigrew."

He let go of the steering wheel and massaged the knuckles of his right hand.

"Does it hurt, darling?" Nora cried.

"It feels fine."

THE END



BY MAYOR FLETCHER BOWRON OF LOS ANGELES

SHORTLY after I was elected Mayor of Los Angeles in September, 1938, New York's dynamic mayor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, paid a visit to our city.

I had long admired Mayor LaGuardia as a fearless thinker and a tireless doer. I was glad of an opportunity to make his personal acquaintance, and ever since that time we have been good friends.

Before we parted, I asked him if he had any advice to offer to a new mayor. His reply was, "First, and most important, develop and always keep a sense of humor."

That was pretty good advice, and it now serves me in good stead. For Mayor LaGuardia has, apparently in all seriousness, made a proposal to

transplant the motion-picture production industry, or at least a good share of it, from Hollywood to New York.

It may not be generally known, but Hollywood is a part of Los Angeles and has been for many years. So when I first read of New York's mayor's bright idea last November, I pricked up my ears. It was something like poaching on my preserve. But I wasn't mad about it at all. I just laughed. I knew that my enthusiastic and optimistic friend was suggesting something that could never happen. I thought it best not to dignify the thing by appearing even to notice it.

But now, after Frederick Lewis' straight-faced defense of Mayor LaGuardia's scheme in the February 17 issue of *Liberty*, many moviegoers might treat the idea seriously.

California talks back! . . . A forthright coast-to-coast reply to Mayor LaGuardia



Left: Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles points out flaws in Mayor LaGuardia's pet plan.

So I feel impelled to make an answer.

It is this:

"Sorry, Mr. LaGuardia, but the movies stay here!"

There is not a single good reason why the motion-picture industry should pull up stakes and go to New York. And there are numerous good reasons why it shouldn't, it can't, and it won't!

Mayor LaGuardia is an intelligent man. If we could bring him to Hollywood, he would soon realize that he is attempting the impossible.

He would quickly learn the thousand advantages Hollywood has over New York, and that his bait—in the form of promises and arguments about finances, the utilization of talent from the legitimate stage, labor conditions, centralization, and all the rest—has not only failed to catch the big fish but is not even alluring.

Since he probably can't come to Hollywood and see for himself, however, I am going to ask him to trust me and take my word for it. Now it's my turn to give advice, and here it is:

"Fiorello, don't waste any more of your energy or your backers' money—if any. You can do big things, but not the impossible. If the motion-picture industry moves to New York, you'll have to take southern California sunshine and scenery and ideal living conditions there. You'd have to eliminate noise and confusion, hot humid summers, and ice and snow and blizzards. So let's consider the whole idea as a good joke. Let's forget it."

Many readers may wonder why Mayor LaGuardia ever decided that his New York must have its finger in the movie pie. His own explanation was that "there is no reason for a monopoly of the motion-picture industry in any one city."

But I do not think that it is our so-called monopoly on celluloid entertainment that is keeping Mayor La-

Guardia awake nights. It is his desire to put more color into New York. He has seen the glamour of Broadway fade. He has seen the attention of the world directed to Hollywood. He has observed that New York is losing its reputation and prestige as an amusement center. And he feels that something must be done about it.

In fact—I hate to say it, but I fear that it's true—he's just a little jealous of Los Angeles. So, ever resourceful, always doing his level best to accomplish things for his city, he turned his attention to the movie industry.

"Eureka!" he must have cried, as he jumped out of his bathtub. "I have found it!"

But, unlike Archimedes, he did not discover a great truth. For his idea is contrary to the laws of nature—and the temperament of motion-picture artists.

NOW let's get down to cases.

I will assume that Frederick Lewis in his Liberty article was speaking for LaGuardia and presenting all of the best arguments that the mayor, or any one else, could think of.

First, he does the unpardonable thing by pooh-poohing our climate and locale. He thinks apparently that Nature can be reproduced artificially, for he says:

"Artificial light and sound have driven the movie business indoors. Southern California's sunlight is of no more use to it than a London fog. Neither is California's natural scenery. . . ."

There, I am afraid, civic patriotism has blacked out truth.

It is a fact that much has been accomplished during the past few years in the creation of illusions through the construction indoors of what appears to be outdoor scenery, but there is a limit beyond which artists and technicians cannot go. Indoor scenes, however artfully constructed, must be supplemented with outdoor scenes.

And since that is necessary, the cast—with high-salaried stars—could not be continually transported, with cameras, sound-effect technicians, and all, to various sections of the country for natural scenery background every time a picture is taken. It is only logical and economical to have the studios close to the greatest variety of natural scenery.

According to studio statistics, a large percentage of an average picture's scenes are filmed on location to get away from city noises and to obtain necessary realism. Within four hundred miles of Hollywood exist ten thousand different types of location. They represent, at various seasons, every imaginable spot on the globe, from the arctic wastes, the Sahara Desert, the mountains of Tibet, to the South Seas, Tokyo, or Johannesburg. Studio sets could never replace these natural settings.

I have heard directors and other motion-picture experts say that colored pictures cannot be made without authentic background. And since there is an indication that the entire

industry is turning to color, real locations and variety of scenery will continue to be necessary—and New York cannot fill the bill.

So much for New York's wooden sets replacing our natural scenery. Eventually there must be talk about the weather. Realizing that kliegs cannot substitute for sunlight, Mayor LaGuardia recently exploded:

"We have just as good weather as you have in California, but we don't brag about it."

Tut-tut! Mayor LaGuardia! I need only turn to United States Weather Bureau reports to refute that statement.

We had 354 days of sunshine last year, 779 more hours of sun than New York, and 120 days during which the sun shone from sunrise to sunset, which is three times better than New York. Against Hollywood's four thunderstorms and fifteen inches of rain we observe New York's blizzards, sleet, hail, snow, downpours, fogs.

And there is more to the argument about the weather than actually involves the taking of motion pictures out of doors. A veritable army is engaged in producing motion pictures. Executives, technicians, artists have come to Hollywood for employment. They have built their homes here and are raising families. Just try to get any considerable portion of the motion-picture colony away from their swimming pools that do not freeze in winter—away from their yachts—away from the pleasures of Catalina Island and the many attractive beaches—away from the mountain resorts that provide winter sports equal to any section of the country—away from the polo fields—away from the thousand and one attractions of southern California!

IT is Mr. LaGuardia's contention that he "has secured in advance a promise from Eastern labor unions of a five-year industrial truce."

I do not know how labor conditions could be better in New York than in Hollywood, and I can see how they could be infinitely worse if any considerable portion of the movie-production business moved there.

The making of motion pictures is a highly technical business. Supposing that Hollywood's thousands of technicians, who now make about 85 per cent of the world's movies, could be uprooted, torn away from their homes and sent to New York, would New York labor stand for it? Would members of New York labor unions be willing to step aside? Does the truce that Mr. LaGuardia has spoken of contemplate this situation?

In his Liberty article, Frederick Lewis argued that if Hollywood moved to New York, movie production would be less wasteful, since there would be no duplication of executives, and the New York bankers would like to be within seeing distance of their investment.

The motion-picture industry has years of bitter experience of the meddling in production on the part of

those who are interested solely in the financial side of the enterprise. That experience has taught the wisdom of separation, as far as possible, between financial backers and the actual artists and technical production of pictures. Hollywood owes New York money; no allegiance. When the early founders of the industry needed loans, they got them from California banks. It was not until after motion-picture production was on its feet that the New York financial interests began to provide any substantial financial assistance.

New York may continue to be the important center as far as sale and distribution and the management and operation of motion-picture theaters are concerned, but Hollywood is the motion-picture producing center of the world and will continue to be.

I have been told that two and one-half billion dollars have been invested in the motion-picture industry in this locality. And now New York bankers want to take Hollywood away from us!

Before I close, I would like to answer one more point. Wrote author Lewis:

"Pictures would be better, because the good ones would be perfected by previous playing on Broadway stages by the actors who were to do them later on the studio stages."

THIS, unfortunately, is neither important nor wholly true. Very few Broadway plays ever reach the screen, compared with the number of magazine stories, novels, and original ideas. So there would be few cases where an actor from the New York legitimate stage could walk over to a near-by motion-picture sound stage and appear in the same role he has perfected on the stage.

Stage and camera techniques are different. Stage actors, with their audiences at a distance, must exaggerate ordinary gestures and expressions. This requires overacting. The camera, bringing close the human face and body, requires underacting. Stage actors must often unlearn their characterizations for the movies if they wish to appear real on the screen. Consequently, the nearness of the stage might be more of a detriment than an aid. New York offers no inducement along this line.

And finally, New York and California are no longer far apart. Hollywood is now only an overnight hop for the New York bankers, and the completed film can leave the laboratory in Hollywood and be in New York within a comparatively few hours.

Frankly, I hold only one hope for New York. It seems that the last time he was asked to make a statement about his movie project, Mayor LaGuardia exclaimed:

"It will be stupendous, colossal, terrific!"

Now, that's something! Mayor LaGuardia is beginning to sound like a typical motion-picture producer, and Hollywood will have him yet.

THE END

*A Brand New Bonnet
with a Blue Ribbon on it!*



Pabst
BLUE RIBBON
Beer



By Request . . .

*The Silk Blue Ribbon once again
graces the Pabst bottle*

• Like the grand old song everyone remembers, are the fond recollections of the silk Blue Ribbon on the famous Pabst bottle. And now, by popular request, the actual ribbon is back. Once more it graces the famous Pabst Blue Ribbon bottle. It's the Badge of Quality that says you really know beer . . . a sign of Good Taste at your table . . . and more satisfying refreshment for you! Remember—in beer there's *only one Blue Ribbon Brand.*

Copyright 1940, Pabst Sales Company, Chicago

NOW AVAILABLE FROM COAST TO COAST



Gilbert Brundage

"There's that young man again, Miss Albers..."

DOCTOR: He's been hanging around here for hours. Why doesn't he come in? What's he got?

NURSE: *St. Vitus's Dance, maybe.*

DOCTOR: Shrink-itis, I'd call it. Looks to me like it's his shirt that's biting him, not a germ.

NURSE: *My goodness, is that it?*

DOCTOR: Sure! If the poor chump would go out and get some Sanforized-Shrunk shirts, he might look and act normal.

NURSE: *For heaven's sake! SAN—what was that, doctor?*

DOCTOR: Sanforized-Shrunk. You know—the process that takes all the shrinkage out of fabrics within 1%, by standard tests. Ends shrinking troubles like *phut!*

NURSE: *Well, whaddya know! And here I thought—*

DOCTOR: He's been fooled by those "pre-shrunk" shirts, the way I used to be. The only *sure* way is to look for the words *Sanforized-Shrunk* on everything. Then you *know* they won't shrink out of fit.

NURSE: *But suppose he—I mean, don't they cost extra?*

DOCTOR: Not a penny. Almost all stores carry Sanforized-Shrunk shirts now—in dozens of makes at all kinds of prices.

NURSE: *Excuse me a minute—*

DOCTOR: Here—where are you going? Who is that young man?

NURSE: *Oh doctor, he's my fiancé—or he's going to be—as soon as I tell him about Sanforized-Shrunk shirts!*

And don't forget this—other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas are Sanforized now. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on these articles:



Women's Dresses



Children's Garments



Work Clothes, Overalls



Slip Covers, Draperies



Utility Uniforms

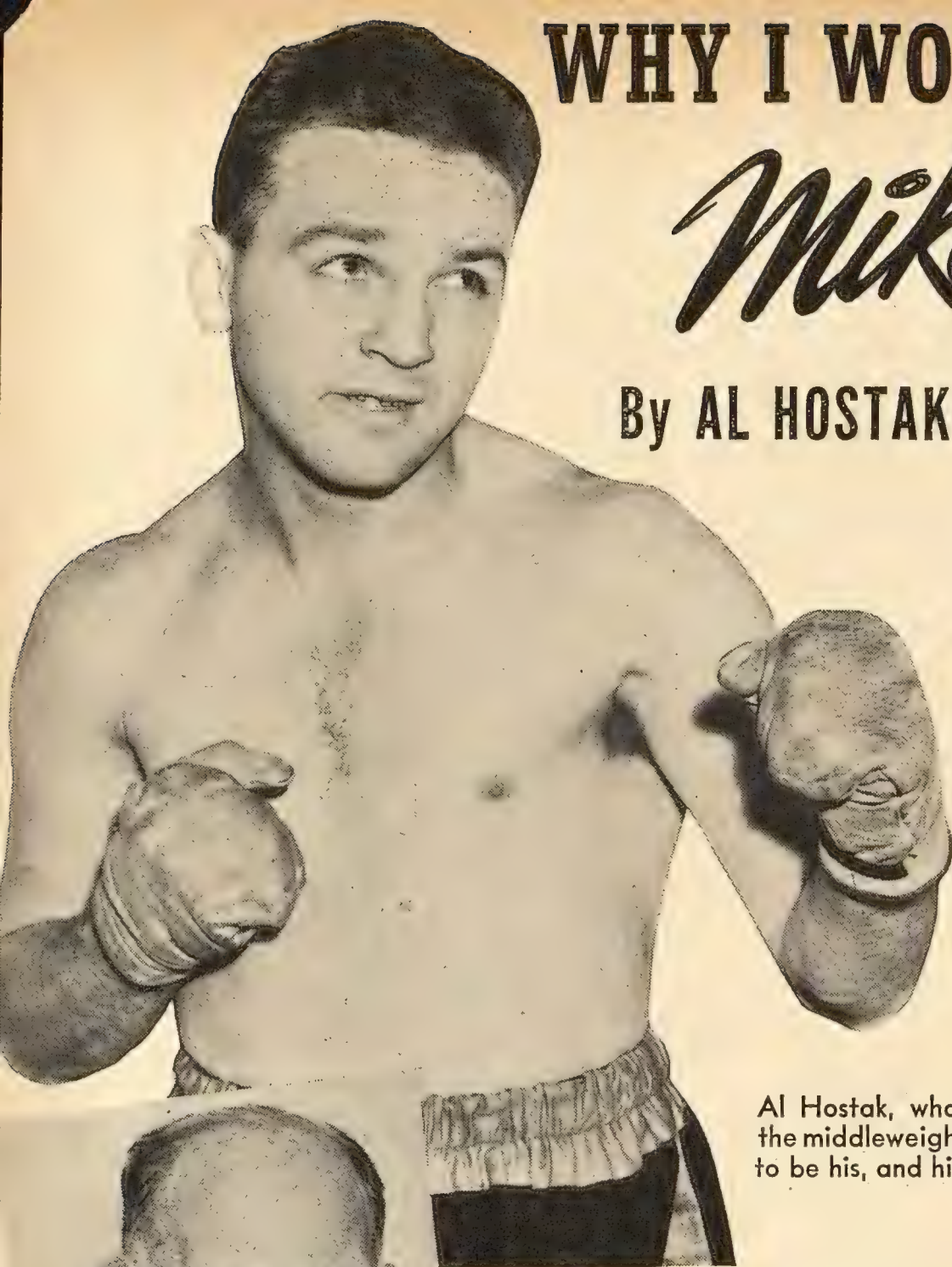


Trousers, Slacks

For permanent fit...look for the words...SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

WHY I WON'T FIGHT FOR *Mike Jacobs*

By AL HOSTAK, as told to Gene Kessler



Al Hostak, who wants the middleweight crown to be his, and his alone.



Mike Jacobs

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

AT last I was in the same ring with the world's middleweight champion. It had been a long wait, a five-year campaign that throbbed with heart- and back-aches and the paeans of victory, but now I realized it was worth while. My hands felt good inside the leather gloves; hands I had thundered to triumph after triumph until fifteen successive opponents had bounced in resin dust. And now Freddie Steele, the champ, was to be No. 16. I was dead certain of that as I sat there anxiously on a stool while

the announcer introduced celebrities who cluttered the ring.

When Eddie Marino, my manager, first started teaching me boxing lessons he said: "Always remember this: your friends don't get inside those ropes with you." And I always regarded every opponent with enmity and tried every second to knock his block off. Steele I held in double contempt. He stood between me and my life's goal, the world's title, and I had known for more than a year that I could whip him. I was determined to wipe that man out of my way as decisively as possible.

At the gong, I believe Freddie sensed his doom. He lurched out uncertainly and missed two swings. It was easy to counter with a right over the heart and a left to the jaw, which dropped him. When he got up, another left hook spilled him the second time. He wobbled erect again and I curved the left home for a third knockdown; then, when he came back for more, I simply feinted the left

and drove my right to the chin for keeps. When Freddie Steele bounced against the ropes, then tumbled to the floor that fourth time, I knew I had won the championship even before the referee started to count.

That was the most exciting and happiest moment of my life. It felt great to know that at last I had succeeded. I had moved into the king row. So you can imagine my astonishment and chagrin when I awoke the next morning and read:

"New York Boxing Commission refuses to recognize Al Hostak as world's champion. Fred Apostoli regarded as middleweight king in Gotham," etc.

Manager Marino and I knew the answer: Apostoli was Mike Jacobs' pet, controlled by his chief lieutenant, who was formerly a California newspaperman.

"What's that tall building in New York?" I asked Marino. When he said it was the Empire State, I continued, "Well, I wouldn't fight for Mike Jacobs if he gave me the Empire State Building."

Last summer I slipped away from my farm near Seattle and traveled to New York incognito to see the Fair, and after seeing how big the Empire State Building really is, I still meant it. Funny thing about that trip. I didn't like New York. Every time I got into a jammed stuffy elevated train I thought, Mike Jacobs can have his New York and all the high-powered publicity that goes with it. And I went back to my farm, where I breathed the fresh air and considered myself lucky that I could get more money fighting for promoter Druxman in Seattle than I could boxing for Jacobs in Gotham's big arenas.

Druxman gave me my big chance by guaranteeing Steele \$30,000 to risk his crown against my itchy fists. That match drew \$86,000 net at the gate—considerably more than New York's alleged "title fight" in which Ceferino Garcia knocked out Apostoli. So Druxman always will have first call on my services, though he refuses to stand in my way of earn-

Is prize-ring monopoly choking a noble sport? An "outsider" speaks his mind

ing purses in other parts of the country. Twice now I have gone East to fight for other promoters. I knocked out Eric Seelig in Cleveland in a round; then found Tony Zale a tough customer in Chicago, when I refractured my left hand and blew the decision in a nontitle bout. That injury put me on the shelf for three months, but I am looking forward to revenge in a return match. The fracture occurred in the fifth round, at a time when I thought Zale was on his way out, although I must say he proved to be a better fighter than some of the higher-rated men I have met.

Right now I have no thought of ever boxing for New York's ring czar. For one thing, I do not believe that such great control is good for the game nor good for the fighters. I am content with my lot and glad to be free to box for the highest bidder.

I came up the hard way, being one of six children in a poor family. My father, George S. Hostak, now is considered the best glass beveler in Seattle and I am proud of him. My parents migrated from Czechoslovakia thirty years ago, and they must have traveled west on pogo-sticks. They stopped at New York, then hopped west to Chicago, north to Minneapolis, west to Tacoma, and finally landed in Seattle. My oldest sister, Julie, was born in Europe. My oldest brother, Louie, was born in Chicago. I was born in Minneapolis, January 7, 1917. My brother Frank and sister Eleanor also were born in Minneapolis; Henry in Seattle.

We lived in a neighborhood known as Georgetown in Seattle and, believe me, the kids were plenty belligerent.

I LEARNED to fight at an early age and fought as often as possible. Whenever I got a dime, I invested in cheap fiction and devoured the stories eagerly. I would dream of being a professional pugilist and perhaps some day winning a title. Whenever I saw a big kid fighting a small one, I would jump in and help the little fellow. In this way I took a lot of beatings; but I loved it and found that I could hit much harder than other youngsters my size.

At high school I pitched baseball and played halfback on the football squad. One day a chum told me there was a new gymnasium opening up down on First Street. We hiked down there one afternoon instead of reporting for gridiron practice. Inside I saw a punching bag, and my eyes watered. I'd always wanted to take a swing at one of those things. I walked over and cracked it good and hard. Some one yelled, "What y' think you're doing?"

I looked around and saw a baldish little man. He was smiling.

"I want to learn how to fight," I said.

"You mean you want to become a boxer," he corrected.

The little baldish man was Eddie Marino, old-time featherweight who had boxed Abe Attell three times.

He told me he would make a boxer out of me, but I would have to get my parents' consent, as I was just fifteen years old at the time. When we went out of there I don't believe Eddie expected to see me back, at least that same day, but at six o'clock I returned, leading my father. I was that anxious to get started.

Every day after that I reported for my lessons. Marino said, "You'll have to learn the hard way, like the old-timers learned to box. You can't put on a glove until you know all the punches and how to execute them." That was all right with me. For nine long months I did nothing but shadow-boxing. Every time I shot my right



"I am smiling."

hand, Eddie made me yell "Right!" After doing this for three weeks without asking questions, I said, "Why do you make me holler every time I shoot my right hand?"

"That's because the right is a sucker punch," he explained. "You're never to use it except when your opponent starts a right at you, or leads with his right."

Marino taught me to jab and to hook with my left. He taught me to hook from different positions, and finally to throw six left hooks from one position. Finally I began to develop rhythm with my punches and learned to keep my balance while driving my fists and still following through with both shoulder and forearm power.

It was then Eddie Marino put gloves on my hands and sent me into a ring with sparring partners. He was satisfied I had mastered the finer points of boxing, for soon Eddie sent me into semipro fights around Seattle. I won seventeen straight and scored nine knockouts, then graduated into the professional ranks, one year and a half after taking my first boxing lesson. So you see my career had a solid foundation, based on hard work and apt teaching. I had learned from Marino the famous one-two which won Benny Yanger the title of Tipton Slasher. I learned how to jab and

feint the way Abe Attell jabbed and fainted. I learned to hook with my left hand high and from the elbow as Charley White had hooked. So my boxing was patterned after the old masters, and whatever success I have achieved I owe to them, through Marino, who fought these greats.

My first professional bout was against Jimmie Smith in 1934, and I scored a three-round kayo. That first year thirteen opponents fell for kayos before my fists. Yet it wasn't until 1937 that I struck a real sustained winning stride. Every foe that year was rocked to sleep, mostly by my one-two, left hook to the body and right cross to the chin. So when I climbed into the ring with Steele, July 26, 1938, with the middleweight world's championship at stake, I was confident beyond words.

SOON after that I ran into a stinging reversal. Solly Krieger was a new ring problem, a crouching, crowding fighter who was all head and elbows as he moved toward me. Soon my left hand cracked open when a hook landed on his elbow. Then my right began to pain and puff up inside the glove from a hard belt which landed on Solly's head. These mishaps occurred early, and it was a fifteen-round bout. I had to stay in there and take it without giving much in return. Krieger beat me up so badly my own father passed me right by after the fight. Didn't recognize his own son.

Well, I thought I was through. My title was gone . . . gone East with Krieger. I thought about entering some business. I had made some money and had saved most of it. Besides, I owned the farm, had put my brother Henry in the gas-station business, given my mother a house and my sister an auto, so I considered myself fortunate. But after my wounds healed I couldn't think of anything I could do so well as I could fight.

When I said I wanted to return to the ring, promoter Druxman was good to me again. He outbid Mike Jacobs to sign Krieger for his first title defense, and this time I knew how to solve Solly's crablike style. I submarined his chin with uppercuts and scored a four-round knockout.

Manager Marino was very happy when I regained the crown. "Only one other middleweight ever did that," he crowed, "and he was Stanley Ketchell. You're improving all the time and some day you're going to be as great as Ketchell."

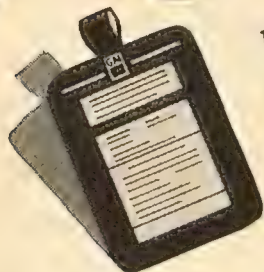
That was quite an order. I know Ketchell must have been a remarkable middleweight, good enough to whip a flock of heavyweights. Anyway, I have another ambition I'd like to fulfill before hanging up the gloves. I crave action with Billy Conn with his light-heavyweight championship at stake, and I believe I have better than an even chance to knock the 175-pound bauble right off Billy's Irish head. At least, I'd like to try.

THE END



You know the price is right

when you buy a car on this "Open Book" plan



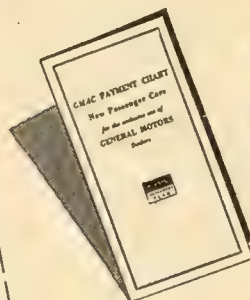
Now this "Plainview" price tag protects you from "Overcharges" when you pay cash.

Price tags on General Motors cars clearly show the items that make up the cash delivered price.

These tags plainly list all the various charges that cause the necessary difference between the advertised price and the price you pay for delivery at your home.

It shows the price of the car . . . the cost of transportation from factory to you . . . and the price of any extra equipment or accessories you may buy.

There is nothing hidden. You know what you are getting for every penny that you pay.



And this "Open Book" figuring chart gives you the same protection when you buy on time.

This General Motors Payment Chart enables you to know in advance the complete cost of financing your car.

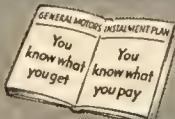
It shows in dollars and cents what you pay for the financing and insurance—and what complete protection you get.

This chart is so easy to understand that you can figure the cost for yourself, based on the amount of time you want and the amount you wish to pay monthly.

Send the coupon below, and get your "figuring chart." You'll see that the General Motors Instalment Plan is the complete, low-cost way to buy a car on time!

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS



"Open Book"

Instalment PLAN

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION E-3
1775 Broadway, New York

Please send copy of the GMAC Payment Chart for car checked below.

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE
☐ BUICK ☐ LA SALLE ☐ CADILLAC

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ County _____ State _____ U.S.A.

Available only through dealers in

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE and CADILLAC cars

Calcutta

ADVENTURE

BY EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLAN COLEMAN

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

SECRET enemies try to kill Bruce MacBride twice in one day. Khodo, his native servant, is the victim of the second attempt. This tragedy causes Bruce to change his plans. Instead of quitting the Criminal Investigation Department to enlist for the war, he decides to stay on in Calcutta and avenge Khodo's death. Sir Eric Tarlton, his chief, encourages Bruce to track down a big gunrunning combine. Involved in it are apparently the Raj of Kapperpore, a shady fellow known as Verdi, and a leading business man, Richard Warwick. The following *modus operandi* is evolved:

Unknown to the general public, Khodo is buried. As if badly wounded, Bruce is taken to the hospital where Dr. Cross, a C. I. D. agent himself, acts in collusion with him. Here, disguising himself as Khodo, Bruce sets out on his trail. Born in India, he speaks various dialects fluently. Luck is with him. He gets a place in Warwick's household as a servant. His fellow servants are Sankar, Rodak Singh, and Metha, an evil-looking Madras. Warwick bribes "Khodo" to identify for him any guests of the house who may have been friends of his former master, Bruce MacBride! The situation is full of ironic humor—and danger. For among the first of such guests is Ginger Kay, Sir Eric Tarlton's new Number Two secretary, who has made inroads on Bruce's heart; and also her admirer, Philip Dudley, a gallant World War hero, is entertained by the suspect Warwick. What are their real relations to their wealthy host?

A native holiday gives Bruce a chance to re-enter his room at the hospital and remove his remarkable disguise. As a bona fide patient, he receives both Ginger Kay and Philip. After they leave, he ponders his problem. Soon a servant enters with flowers. It is Metha! The native draws a gun. Unexpectedly, Ginger returns. She is cool in the face of death. Bruce gets ready to spring.

PART FOUR—FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE

BRUCE would not again underestimate Metha. But he had observed that as a rule natives were not good gunmen. Their nervous organisms did not permit that last split second's delay that made the difference between deadly aim and flying off. This was Bruce's chance, meager, all he had.

"Wilt thou give me time to kneel in prayer?" Bruce asked.

"Say thy prayers lying down, sahib, and swiftly."

With a terrific thrust of his thighs

Bruce raised the coverlet and drove it toward his enemy. Behind that screen, he rolled to one side, then sprang.

Metha's first shot missed. The flying bedspread had disturbed his aim. Now Bruce was lunging over the footboard. While in the air, he waited, with what seemed a weird, long patience, for the second shot.

He could not possibly arrive in time. Metha was waiting too long to miss, and he would not wait until the foe was in his arms.

What saved Bruce was the third force moving here. It had been there all the time, silent, waiting its moment. The last he had seen of Ginger, she was moving stealthily along the wall. He had thought that she was getting farther out of the line of fire, and that alone had strengthened him. Instead she had been working her way toward a small table, on which stood the bottle of whisky Bruce had sampled earlier in the day. With one sweep of her arm she seized and threw it.

Although the missile barely brushed Metha's garments, he flinched from it, losing his aim. Before he could find it again, Bruce was on him.

Bruce could not ask for more. To clutch his enemy in his arms, muscle and bone like his own to fight against rather than invisible death. The native felt his breath cut off, his pistol hand forced up and back; he was hurled against the wall.

He dropped the pistol. Ginger, her face flaming, in the act of diving across the room to help Bruce, saw it fall and snatched it up. But she had no need for it now. Bruce broke Metha down and pinned him to the floor.

Just then he heard rapid steps in the hall outside. Instantly he sprang up from the almost helpless Metha and seized the pistol that Ginger was holding out to him. He whirled, the gun leaping level, as the door opened. It might be the "interne" who had followed Ginger to this room.

Instead it was Dr. Cross. He had received word over the house telephone of an explosion somewhere on the upper floors. Metha made a brave attempt to break through the door and escape, but the doctor thrust him back. Then, guarding Metha with the pistol, Bruce spoke tersely:

"Don't let any one else in here, Dr. Cross."

"The chap that was here—Dudley—is on his way up."

"Have him wait, then look around for a half-caste dressed as an interne. I can hold this man."

"I'll stop Phil!" Ginger cried. Before Bruce could protest, she had darted out the door.

Bruce closed and locked it.

"Where's some rope, Dr. Cross?" he asked. "I want this fellow tied up."

Dr. Cross cut the cords from a sun blind at the window. "These'll do."

Still Bruce was not content. "Put a gag on him, too, will you? I don't want him saying anything to anybody until I can think this out."

Metha saw what Dr. Cross was about to do. The seemingly helpless and beaten native suddenly hurled himself savagely against the doctor, and his voice rose in a shrill shocking scream in the closed room:

"Master! Khodo is sahib! Khodo is sahib!"

"Great God!" Cross breathed.

"Choke him off, quick," Bruce ordered.

The doctor's fist crashed viciously against Metha's open yelling mouth. Before he had struck the floor, silenced for the moment, Bruce was unlocking the door, his pistol ready to fire. There was no one in sight. Had Metha howled out the secret to a fellow conspirator lurking near by?

Bruce rushed to the door across the hall and flung it open. Nothing was there but broken hospital furniture and dust. All other doors near by were locked.

Bruce was just entering his room when some one emerged from the elevator at the end of the hall. Bruce caught one glimpse of a tall distinguished figure with a slight limp; and behind him, protected by him, came Ginger. Bruce closed the door while he surveyed the scene. Dr. Cross's quick hands had flown, and Metha lay bound and gagged.

"What now?" the doctor asked.

"Wait."

Bruce lay down on his bed and pulled the spread high enough to cover his lower body and his right hand. When there came an excited knocking on the door, he beckoned the doctor to his side.

"It's Dudley," he whispered. "The girl wasn't able to hold him. I'm sure it's all right, but I'll do the talking."

"Thanks!" said Dr. Cross coolly and ironically.

The visitor knocked louder, and Ginger's voice came through the panels.

"It's I, Bruce, with Phil," she called. "He says he's got to see you."

At a nod from Bruce, Dr. Cross admitted the two and locked the door behind them. Phil's gray eyes made one sweep through the room.

"Thank God!" he breathed. Smiling, he took a handkerchief from his cuff and wiped his face. "Ginger wouldn't tell me—had to see for myself—"

"You seem pretty relieved about something," Bruce said.

"Have no business being. That Johnnie tied up there shows plain

enough what a narrow shave it was. And my carelessness might have—" Phil waved his hand in an eloquent gesture.

"Do you know something about this?"

"Do I rather! Those are my flowers in the box there, on the floor. Going to brighten up your room a bit, I thought. Well, by gad, I dashed near did it, didn't I?"

Phil walked across the room, broke open the box of flowers, and, tossing the lovely blossoms aside, recovered a card. He nodded grimly.

"It's mine. 'Better than poppies in France'—that's what I wrote. Neat sentiment, eh what? MacBride, old son, what's it all about? Why are all these chappies so bally intent on doing you in?"

"I'd like to know."

"Oh, my precious aunt! I can understand why you've got him bound, but why the gag? Isn't that the reverse of usual police procedure?"

Bruce laughed. "I confess we usually try to make 'em talk, instead of shutting them up."

Meanwhile Metha had revived from the shock of the doctor's blow. He gazed without hatred at Bruce, but above his white bandage his eyes flamed red as they lighted on Phil Dudley. Bruce did not wonder at this. Phil's well groomed aristocratic figure could well be the symbol of British rule in India.

"I'd like to ask the feller a question or two," Phil said. "I think it would throw a bit of light."

Bruce shook his head. "He's incommunicado right now."

Phil colored at the rebuff.

"Right. But perhaps I'll be allowed to tell what I know."

"I didn't mean to be officious, Dudley. We shut him up because he tried to yell to some of his pals. Of course I'd like to hear all you know about this."

Phil nodded and flashed his winning smile. "It's not much. I ordered those flowers to be taken straight to you. Then I got to think in' if I'd done right."

"You suspected some one might use those flowers to gain entrance to my room?"

"Somethin' of the kind. Anyway I called up the florist, but the boy had already gone. I tried to telephone the hospital. All lines busy. I was only two blocks, so I jumped in my car, and here I am."

"I'd like to ask the feller a question," Phil said. "I think it would throw a bit of light."

Deadly danger . . . and
a girl's quick wit to the
rescue! New thrills in
a swift, exciting novel

Bruce was satisfied but must play the game out. "Apart from the rest, did you realize what a hole you'd be in if he'd polished me off?"

"Oh, good heavens!" Philip was staring with eyes and mouth open. "My card with those flowers. My handwritin' and fingerprints—"

Bruce laughed. "I don't believe you'd have gone to jail. Thanks, Dudley—for everything."

"Sportin', 'pon my honor. Well, I'll toddle off. Sorry I had to come up here against orders. Was so dashed worried—"

"Ginger, you'd better go with him as far as the waiting room. I'll call you in a few minutes."

It was plain that Ginger wanted to stay. Her color rose a little. "I'll have to telephone my boss for orders," she said, her inference very plain that her boss was not Bruce.

"I'll telephone him," Bruce told her. And as soon as the two had gone, Ginger with her head up, he moved to the telephone.

"There's been some trouble here, and we've got one of them," he announced in his stolid way, when Sir Eric was on the line.

"That evens us up for Babu Dass. I'll come at once." Sir Eric referred to a missing secret agent.

"There's one point that should be verified, for the record." Bruce gave the name of the florist and a brief account of Phil Dudley's story.

WHILE waiting for Sir Eric, Bruce and Dr. Cross searched Metha from his turban to the soles of his feet. Their only discovery that promised the least lead was a scrap torn from an important native newspaper. On one side there was part of a patent-medicine advertisement such as litter the pages of Indian journals. The other side carried an advertisement of a lost wallet, numbering some bills and a lottery ticket it was presumed to contain, and a post-office box for replies. It was conceivably a message in code.

The search was hardly finished when Sir Eric knocked on the door. Dr. Cross admitted him.

"What have we got here, Bruce?" he asked quietly.

The Scotsman grinned. "A bear by the tail. I want him put in a soundproof cell, where he's not to send out even a piece of string." For natives can send messages by a knotted string, one of the oldest codes in Asia.

"I gather he knows too much."

"So much that I don't trust him even between here and his cell. And since I don't want him carried through the corridors wearing a gag"—Bruce turned to Dr. Cross—"put him out."

"Out?" Sir Eric broke in. "You don't mean—"

"This is my case, isn't it? A strong enough dose to last until he's in a soundproof cell." Bruce spoke crisply. Sir Eric gazed at him out of half-closed thoughtful eyes. Then those eyes opened wide. Bruce was

speaking to Metha as a father to an erring son:

"Thou wilt waken from this sleep unhurt. It is not such sleep as thou wouldst have given me. Think twice, then, Metha, before changing masters. For that is all ye would gain by rebellion; not freedom for Hind."

The job was done. The same stretcher bearers who had served before carried out the prisoner under Dr. Cross's charge. Then Bruce told his story. But the tale of mystery and danger had hardly begun. Bruce asked whom he could point out to Warwick as "government secret agents," to make good on his claim. Sir Eric named several prominent men who had all furnished information to the C. I. D. at various times.

PRESENTLY Sir Eric was called to the telephone. "Phil's story checked out perfectly," he reported.

"It was mere routine. How about my naming him for one of our red herrings? He knows Warwick socially, and if he'd play up to the part, we might learn something new."

"I'm afraid Phil wouldn't consent," Sir Eric answered. "You see, I once proposed to him that he be a real secret agent. He declined. You see, he still thinks of war in terms of knighthood. He couldn't bring himself to be a spy."

"That's a wonderful spirit." Ginger Kay would think it was more than wonderful, Bruce thought.

"What now, Bruce?" Sir Eric asked.

"Back to my job. I have an idea there'll be consternation in camp when Metha fails to return. But, first, I want to question Miss Kay about the 'interne' she saw in the hall."

For he himself was no knight, only a grubby undercover man, working for the peace of his native land, the overthrow of her enemies by hook or crook, and revenge for a man he had loved.

Sir Eric left. Ginger's entrance was not as breezy as usual, although the brightness of her hair and eyes brightened Bruce's spirits.

"It's all over, isn't it, Bruce?" she burst out, when she had carefully locked the door.

"One detail is over."

"Then can't we forget all about it and talk about the weather? It's all so awful. Even poor Phil under suspicion, when he was worried half to death, thinking it was all his fault."

She was greatly concerned with Phil, he thought.

"He's completely clear, I assure you," Bruce answered stolidly. "Ginger, I just want to ask you about the 'interne' you saw in the corridor."

Her eyes slowly widened. "Then it was *my* fault!"

"Don't be silly, Ginger."

"I showed him the way up here, didn't I?"

"And I sent for you, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did. To question me. The same reason you sent for me this

time. No, it wasn't my fault. I don't think I looked twice at the interne."

But her tone trembled and died away.

"What is it, Ginger?"

"I just remembered. I did glance at him—and felt there was something familiar about him—and yet I didn't pay any attention to it—and now—"

"Now it's just occurred to you it might have been the same Anglo-Indian you saw at the wharf."

"Oh, Bruce!"

"Listen, Ginger. Don't blame yourself in the least. When you mentioned him, the possibility never occurred to me—and I'm a secret-service man. I couldn't think of anything. I was so glad to see you."

"Bruce, are you just saying that?"

"I wouldn't be clever enough—if I didn't mean it."

"I'm not sure. You're not the forthright innocent person I thought at first."

"Aye, I'm a swindler." He smiled faintly. "Sir Eric could have questioned you well enough about the half-caste—and yet I sent for you." Shirking his work besides, he could have added.

"Why did you, Bruce?"

He had sent for her because it might be his last chance. When he left her, he could not know that he would see her again.

"I wanted to see you and made an excuse."

SHE was once more her high-spirited self. "Twice in one day? Wonderful! Then I am a good substitute for the Lady Virginia?"

"More than that. I wonder if the Lady Virginia could have thrown that bottle!"

Ginger looked startled. "Well, she might've. Maybe she would have thrown straight!"

"You threw straight enough, Ginger." Bruce had flushed. "Where would I be now?"

"I'm glad you're among those present, Bruce. But why in the deuce you had to order me out, just when the secrets were about to be told—"

"You found out one secret. I'm not quite so much of an invalid as I appeared."

"I noticed it when you and Metha were playing bear around the room. You see, I got his name. But I didn't get everything that was said—you both talked so fast. What was it he saw in that closet that suddenly made up his mind to polish you off?"

"Some evidence. You'll have to let it go at that."

"And I thought we were pals!"

"You mustn't know too much, Ginger. It's dangerous. You must forget that I'm not still confined to my bed. That doesn't keep us from being pals, does it? I'm glad Virginia Tarlton didn't come!"

"Well, that's something."

"She and I couldn't have got anywhere, considering her station in life."

(Continued on page 28)

Tuned to the Times: Our Greatest "G-3" All-Weather--priced DOWN to \$11.11

(6.00-16 size with your old tire)

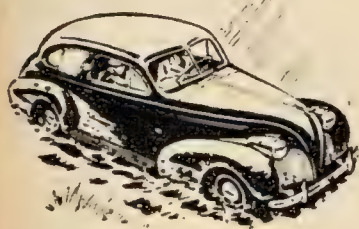
FIRM in the belief that durable prosperity depends upon keeping goods within reach of the great majority, Goodyear has reduced prices on its famed "G-3" All-Weather with center-traction safety tread.  This reduction is made possible by a far-sighted policy adopted months ago to offset the rising tide of material costs.  By putting all our factories on the same economical production basis as our most efficiently

equipped plant—by lowering administrative and distribution costs—by consolidating branches and depots—we streamlined our manufacturing and marketing costs without sacrificing quality.  This first-line "G-3" is not only the greatest tire ever to bear the name—it is the finest buy you can get for so little money! To see it is to verify this common experience of millions: Goodyear tires are as good as you think, and cost far less than you imagine!

AND ONLY THE ALL-WEATHER TREAD GIVES YOU THIS TIME-PROVED NON-SKID SAFETY



The sharp edges of the All-Weather's diamond blocks "box" the compass, to resist skidding in any direction.



The All-Weather gives you greater traction, better grip, in mud and all bad going.

You have only to look at the famous Goodyear All-Weather tread to see why it is the only tread that has remained basically unchanged for more than a quarter-century. As every engineer knows, its diamond-block pattern is the only tread design that offers maximum resistance to skidding in any direction. Its superior safety has been proved in billions of miles of highway travel.

PLUS THESE OTHER BANNER FEATURES

LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE — flat thick tread—wide riding ribs—more rubber on the road.

QUICK-STOPPING AND STARTING — deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.

NO SLIP ON CURVES — heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.

TOUGHER TREAD — new engineering gives "G-3" increased resistance to cuts.

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION — new stronger low stretch Supertwist cord in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE — prised sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.

All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



SEE HOW LITTLE THESE
GOODYEAR
"G-3" ALL-WEATHERS COST

6.00-16	•	
5.25-17	•	
5.50-17	•	\$11.11
6.25-16	•	10.22
6.50-16	•	13.50

WITH YOUR OLD TIRE

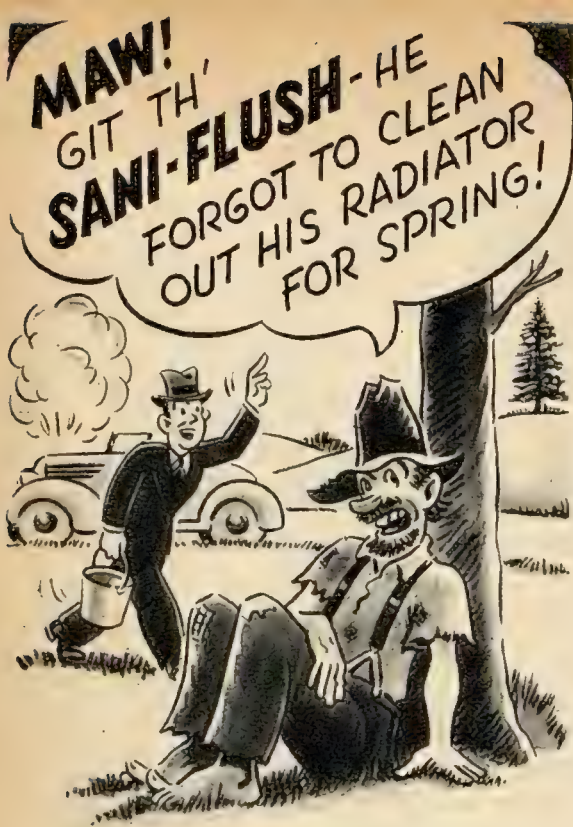
(Other sizes proportionately low in price)
Prices subject to change without notice

THE GREATEST NAME

IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



IT'S SPRING! Don't wait for the hiss and boil of an overheated radiator. Remove anti-freeze and clean out the rust, scale, sludge and sediment that have accumulated in the cooling system all winter. You can do the job yourself—quickly and thoroughly. Just use 10c worth of Sani-Flush (25c for the largest truck or tractor).

If you prefer, ask your service station to do the job for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. See directions on the can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush *Safe* NOT CAUSTIC
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

BIGGEST AND BEST IN ST. LOUIS
The New **HOTEL Jefferson**
800 MODERN ROOMS FROM \$3.00

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

(Continued from page 26)

Ginger made a bantering reply, but a moment later Bruce discovered that they were no longer close. The warm undercurrents between them had ceased to flow. In a little while she left, rather quietly. Her eyes haunted him still.

In an hour Bruce had on his war paint and native garments and was back in the kitchen of Richard Warwick. A low murmur of voices drew him tiptoeing to the door. As he had foreseen, some of the enemy high command had already gathered, no doubt to discuss the disappearance of Metha.

Bruce could not catch a word or identify the voices. He began to dust and sweep the service rooms, allowing water to splash noisily in a bucket. Presently the service door opened.

"Why hast thou returned from the feast, Khodo?" Warwick demanded. "Since thou art here, bring whisky-soda."

It was a grim-faced group about the library table. At the same time Bruce was depressed by its distinction—not to be denied because three of the four men were natives. Bruce knew two of them—the Raj of Kappore and the high-caste Punjabi who had brought word of Babar Singh's arrest. The third was a slim, fine-looking, pale-colored Bengali he had not seen before. Bruce poured the whisky with a steady hand.

"We'd better chuck it, doctor, for the moment," the raj remarked in his Oxford accent.

"We've gone over it all, anyway," the pale Bengali answered. "That whole action was a costly mistake. The Scotsman would never have thought of it again, if we'd let him alone. I said so to Mr. A. at the time—but you know his methods."

There was complete silence as Bruce finished serving the drinks. But as he retreated he caught one final sentence that made his heart sink.

"I've a friend in the enemy headquarters who'll tell me exactly what happened today," Warwick said.

BRUCE'S quiet manner and self-control concealed an intense nature. In the last few minutes, everything had turned dark. He could no longer console himself that Warwick might be Public Enemy Number One. The Bengali doctor's reference to Mr. A., and the tone with which he had spoken, made this point clear. Who was this Bengali doctor? An entirely new and perhaps powerful factor in the case. As for Warwick's last remark—Bruce thought best to ignore it.

Presently the telephone rang. Although he had no order to do so, Bruce hurried to answer it.

"I wish to speak to the sahib."

"Who calling, pleece?" Bruce asked. All native servants knew this much English.

"Mr. Adams." And Adams began with A!

"Mr. Adams" had telephoned here before, Bruce knew. When he reported the call to Warwick, the latter rose leisurely, but the sudden silence and frozen faces of his companions removed all doubt. Surely this was progress. The trouble was that every little break in the clouds revealed a colder fog of mystery beyond. The highly cultivated voice over the telephone had seemed to resemble the voice he had heard addressing Warwick at the Ritz Café, which had turned out to be that of a cheap gambler and gangster.

WHEN the guests had gone, Warwick called Bruce into the library. "I have a hard task for thee," he began.

"Yea, sahib."

"Tomorrow night the Raj of Kappore gives supper to many guests. He has consented for one night that thou shouldst wear his livery and help serve them. I want thee to look at every face, and report to me every one whom thou knoweth to be secret agents of the government."

"I am thy dog, protector of the poor."

So Bruce was in Calcutta high society at last! He smiled over it as he poured drinks and carried trays the following night at the Calcutta palace of the Raj of Kappore, one of scores of servants wearing the crested turbans and the gold-and-blue livery of the dynasty. The only thing gaudier and in worse taste than the glittering tables were the scintillating jewels of the mem-sahibs crowding about them.

There was only one mem-sahib here whose costume and adornments appealed to his sense of fitness, and she was the last mem-sahib in the world he had wanted to be here. Her bright hair was far more precious than all the jeweled platinum in sight. She wore a single star sapphire that matched her eyes. Her white satin gown of the style called princesse so fitted her slim lithe figure that one could not look at it of itself, only in its relation to the whole picture.

Obviously she had come with Warwick, but he had no cause to worry over the impression she made. The pukka sahibs lost no time nor scorned no artifices in making her acquaintance. Even the host, with a thirty-carat diamond flashing in his turban, forsook his lovely Viennese companion to address compliments to her. Bruce noticed too that she seemed perfectly at ease, the faint flush of excitement on her cheeks only adding to her charm.

Still, Bruce could not excuse her presence here. Both her host and escort were high conspirators against her country. She did not belong to this fashionable world, and should know that she had been invited here only for what she could say. And—"Don't be a jealous fool," he told himself.

Sir Eric was not present. If he had been invited, he had no time for

such shows. Bruce had felt sure that Phil Dudley would be here. Probably he was sick and tired of these pretenders, and was trying some other means to get to France. There was no sign of Verdi, who was of another caste.

At such affairs servants become invisible. For a spy like him, it was "darkest under the lamp." When his duties brought him close to Ginger, he felt as safe as though he wore a Tibetan devil mask. To his consternation, her words died away and her gaze locked on his face.

"Cocktail, mem-sahib?"

"Nay."

At once she picked up her flirtation where she had dropped it.

Bruce went on with his job, every sense feeling for the undercurrents flowing so powerfully here, made manifest by the inflection of a voice or the lift of an eyebrow. He received the impression that the enemy campaign was much further along than he had suspected, and that zero hour was much nearer. When he saw the raj catch Warwick alone and drift casually to his side, Bruce made that way with a tray of smokes.

"He has told all he knows," Warwick was saying in fluent Hindi. "It's dangerous for Adams to save wood on him any longer."

A COLD chill ran down Bruce's back. To "save wood" was one of the most sinister idioms in the underworld of India, meaning to keep some one alive instead of letting him go to the funeral pyre where most Hindus must repair at last. To be standing here listening to such an expression on the lips of suave high-placed Warwick was itself too sinister to contemplate.

"He's safe enough where he is—a *Dagi's* end," the raj answered. "I trust the flavor of my wine is not impaired?"

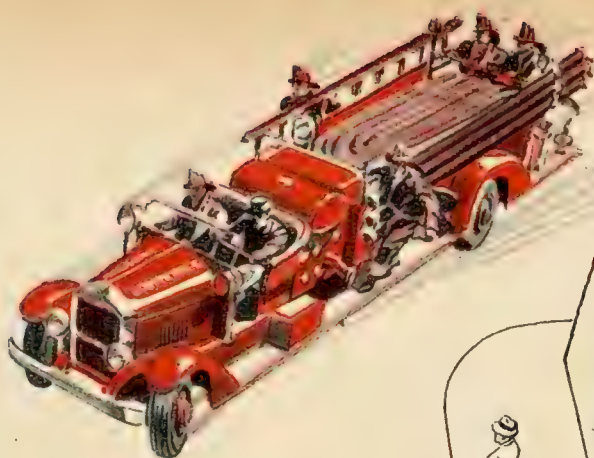
Bruce did not understand this. He knew only that the raj had spoken in jest—such jesting which only the Oriental mind can conceive—and the mist of perception in the back of his head was as cold and horrible as any feeling he had ever known. Later he would have to piece it out. In this critical moment he was content to memorize every word.

Warwick laughed. "Excellent wine, my friend."

"I had a note from Adams while I was dressing. It's so typical I wanted to show it to you." The raj touched his side. "No, I left it in my dressing room."

Bruce moved on then. He simply did not dare risk what he had already gained by trying to gain more. Was it darkest under the lamp? Here in this great brilliantly lighted parlor, in plain sight of a hundred pairs of eyes if they had cared to rest upon him, had he learned more than in ten days watching and listening in the shadows?

Warwick's idiom and the raj's jest no doubt concerned Babu Dass, the missing secret agent. What did Dass



HERE!

1940 FIRE-CHIEF



AN IMPROVED GASOLINE TO GIVE YOU—

QUICKER STARTS! With greater eagerness than ever, the stepped-up volatility of 1940 *Fire-Chief* whips the engine into instant action at the first touch on your starter.

QUICKER WARM-UPS! And, due to *Fire-Chief's* precision power-balance, this gasoline steps out without the usual coughing, sputtering during the warm-up period. This cuts down fuel-waste—gives smoother power.

A gasoline noted for its smooth anti-knock qualities, *Fire-Chief*, with its quicker starts and faster warm-ups, offers outstanding value at the regular gasoline price. Try a tankful today!

Copyright 1940, by The Texas Company



at TEXACO DEALERS

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. S. T., 7:00 M. S. T., 6:00 P. S. T.

know of the plot against the Empire? But the importance of the raj's last remark was too plain to question. Left carelessly in his dressing room upstairs was a letter from the enemy chief.

Bruce went to a table and began to set aside emptied glasses, a mechanical act that did not cause one ripple in the stream of his thoughts. . . . The letter was probably in Adams' handwriting. Even type-written letters can be traced, and the stationery and smudged fingerprints would have much to tell to Sir Eric's staff of experts. No doubt it would prove the key to Adams' identity.

Should he try for it? In such circumstances, fighting in such a cause, a man has no choice. This was a job for a spy.

The raj had turned to other guests. For the moment, soon to pass, Warwick stood alone against the wall. Steeling his fluttering nerves, Bruce put one cocktail on the tray and moved toward him.

"Drink, sahib?"

Warwick did not even glance at him. He had forgotten his existence in the movement of great events. It was darkest under the lamp.

"Drink, sahib?" Bruce said again.

Warwick gave a little start. "On second thought, I will." And then, dropping his voice, "Speak softly—quickly."

"I have seen one spy, lord. There is another greater, I think, but he

went before I could look well into his face. Have I thy leave to seek him through the rooms?"

"Yea, but make sure he does not catch thy eyes upon him."

If Bruce were caught on the upper floor, he would now have a story. His common sense declined to put much faith in it. Life was cheap in India, and this game too big, for Adams' gang to give benefits of doubt.

Bruce glanced once through the rooms. He was shaken when his eyes met Ginger's. Apparently she was merely gazing in his direction, for her face lighted with a smile at some remark of her companion, and at once she turned to answer. Bruce moved into the hall.

He had decided to essay the front stairs. If he were seen by a guest, his livery would save him; while on the service stairs he would be almost certain to meet some of the raj's servants. He waited his chance, and gained a long, richly carpeted upper corridor. A glance through the first open door revealed a powder room for lady guests. A woman Bruce knew by sight emerged from this room and, without glancing at him, descended the stairs.

To locate the royal apartments, Bruce could trust only to his knowledge of native psychology. Like all his kind, the raj was colossally vain. Although he hated the English, and no doubt meant to make himself

Emperor of India when they were driven out, he imitated them as far as his Oriental conceptions permitted. When Bruce saw the door of a corner apartment opposite the powder room flung wide to reveal the largest and most magnificently carved, decorated, and canopied bed he had ever seen, he felt the first step was gained.

Bruce listened a moment for the soft patter of naked feet or rustle of garments, then entered boldly.

From now on it was sink or swim. Wasting no time in admiring the furnishings, he passed into an ornate bathroom, leaving the door barely cracked behind him, and then listened at the closed door beyond. There was not a sound, so he pushed on, again all but closing the door. The chance of being trapped was not as great as of being seen from the outer rooms. Here, too, the lights were blazing, revealing what was no doubt the raj's dressing room.

Bruce was getting warm. On the floor were scraps of paper that seemed to be the torn ends of envelopes, as though the raj had opened mail here a short time before. There were no letters on the huge pearl-inlaid dresser or on the smoking stand. Had he put them in one of the dresser drawers where Bruce could not possibly have time to look for them?

No, because the raj had intended to show Adams' letter to Warwick. He would lay it aside, or—and suddenly Bruce dived for a gold-and-black dressing gown on the divan. One of its pockets bulged with letters.

Bruce had no time to examine them now—could only thrust them in an inner pocket, trusting that the document he wanted was among them. And suddenly it seemed that he had no time for anything more, that it was all gone.

What seemed to be a side door of the bedroom closed with a little clatter, and then the bathroom door squeaked softly. Some one was in there and coming his way.

Time lent him a few more seconds. He seized the nearest weapon in sight—a heavy silver hairbrush on the dresser—and in two silent strides made the wall close to the bathroom door. As it opened, Bruce's arm went back and upward.

He aimed his blow from behind the door. The intruder would not see it falling and would not know its source. And then Bruce's arm stopped with a violent jerk.

It was Ginger Kay. She whirled and faced him, her eyes blazing with excitement.

"Get out of here, quick!" she told him in a breathless undertone. "Oh, Bruce, hurry!"

So Ginger knew that "Khodo" was Bruce! How long has she known it? Is this a trap? Can he get away with that packet of letters? Will the girl be able to help him? Seething with suspense, next week's *Liberty* will carry you to fresh thrills.

COOKING TIME
7 minutes
FOR THIS DELICIOUS
MACARONI-AND
-CHEESE

KRAFT DINNER
ONLY Seven Minutes COOKING TIME REQUIRED (NO BAKING)

● Just seven minutes in boiling water and Kraft Dinner macaroni is tender, fluffy light. And in a jiffy you drench it in cheese goodness, with the Kraft Grated that's also in every box. Try this quick way to the best macaroni-and-cheese you've ever, ever tasted.

NOW 25% MORE CHEESE; SIMPLER RECIPE!

A WEALTHY banker fashions handmade cocktail shakers for his friends; a high-up telephone executive weaves all the cloth for his own suits; one prominent society lady carves artistic buttons; another fabricates pewter tableware for wedding presents. . . . I have just visited the workshop institute, on the twenty-fifth floor of Radio City, where such strangely assorted adults are taught their chosen chores. It is the Universal School of Handicrafts, directed by Edward T. Hall, lean, gray-haired, horizon-eyed, ship's-captainish believer in the miracle of mental peace through manual work. Nerves, boredom, loneliness, says he, can be helped by the satisfaction of creating things with our hands. Psychiatrists must think so, too, for they send many of their patients to him. Age doesn't seem to cut much ice. Just lately a frustrated college girl snapped back to normal after a course in clay modeling, I was told, while other recent "adjustments" include those of men and women over seventy. Working together at the school are blind people, rich lifelorn widows, deaf-mutes, European refugees, cripples, tired business men—and some with health and youth who come for the sheer pleasure of hand artistry. . . . Actress Ann Gillis makes baskets. Actor Tom Kelly tools leather. Band leader André Kostelanetz spent so much of his spare time there, learning fancy metalwork, that his wife, Lily Pons, had to be shown it actually was true!

★ Here is a game with which to test the sensitivity of your fingers in a *frivolous* way: . . . Put twelve small objects, as differently shaped as possible, into twelve paper bags. I suggest such confusing objects as safety pins linked together, a harmonica, a sponge, a pair of calipers, etc. Use your ingenuity to make the test tough. Tie the ends of the paper bags with string. See how many objects you can guess by feeling them through the outside of the bag. Seven out of twelve, you'll find, will be a very high score.

★ Mrs. Denis Conan Doyle—she was Nina Mdivani—tells me this true story of an American girl who married a wild young nobleman from the Dagestan hills while doing Red Cross relief work in south Russia: . . . Immediately after the wedding he took his bride to his mother. The American girl offered the old lady a firm handshake, whereas, according to Caucasian custom, she should have kissed her dutifully on the left shoulder. Next night, back in their hotel, the groom startled the bride by stabbing a dagger into the floor between their twin beds. And he kept on

doing the same thing every night thereafter. A mutual friend who spoke both languages, finally dispelled her shocked bewilderment. . . . "You greeted his mother in an alien way," said the friend. "He thinks there are alien gods between your bed and his. He must spike those gods with his dagger before he comes to you."

★ You needn't be pro-garlic to like this *Italian Spring Lamb*. The cooking method reduces the garlic to a mere suspicion of exotic interest. . . . Boil 4 cloves garlic in a little water, changing water 3 times. Drain and mince very fine. Mix with 1 teaspoon powdered marjoram and 6 anchovy fillets, boned and finely chopped. With sharp knife cut slits 2 inches deep (about 3 inches apart) in leg of lamb. Stuff slits with garlic-and-anchovy mixture. Rub surface of meat with salt and pepper; dredge with flour; sear quickly in hot butter

until brown. Add 1 cup consommé to pan. Cover tight. Cook 2¼ hours in moderate oven, basting often. Serve lamb on large platter surrounded by inch-wide noodles, well drained and dressed with butter and Parmesan cheese. Sprinkle chopped pimento over the noodles. Pan gravy on the side.

★ If we believe in prenatal influence we may welcome the new ruling handed down by our Civil Aeronautics Authority, to the effect that expectant mothers, when qualified as pilots, will be permitted to fly henceforth, despite their condition. Women are cautious at that time, extra-conscious of responsibility. Their children—if we believe in prenatal influence—ought to be splendid airmen.

★ Handy new face-saving book for parents of small fry who ask stickler questions about Arbor Day, May Day, Memorial Day, etc.: *The Days We Celebrate*, edited by Robert Haven Schauffler. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

★ Some time ago I reported a digest of many letters from ladies who told me what type of radio program they preferred to listen to while knitting or sewing. A belated offshoot of that survey has just arrived. Writes a Kansas City wife: "My husband wants something done about *shaving* programs. He says anything hot-cha or argumentative on the air around 7 A. M. makes him twitch and cut himself. Says the best tunes he ever has shaved to were Brahms' Fourth Symphony, Tchaikovsky's Valse des Fleurs, and a cello rendition of Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." . . . I pass this on to the bosses of Radiocracy for what it may be worth.



"Have you got exactly the same hat in plum, but without the brim and with a feather instead of the flowers?"



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHAT AMERICA WANTS



show a highly specialized interest in "how to avoid getting into the war" and a very special distrust of propaganda. Audiences of men show special interest in military plans, tactics, matériel. Women are inclined to questions about personalities—Hitler, Chamberlain, etc. But men, women, and college youth have all been substantially alike in their keen interest in certain persistent subjects.

I have kept notes on these questions. The subjects upon which most of them at most lectures have concentrated are, in order of frequency:

1. The policy of Soviet Russia.
2. Neutrality, especially that of the United States.
3. Propaganda from belligerent countries.
4. The military position of the Allies—of the French and British.

Anthony Eden, Goering, Goebbels, Winston Churchill, Stalin, Litvinov and sometimes Lloyd George.

The first three of these subjects evoke as many questions as all the others put together.

The attitude toward Russia is first of all, of course, bewilderment and curiosity. Most of the questioners frankly admit that they cannot make out what Stalin is doing, or why. With the greater number of such people there is no apparent prejudice either for or against Russia, but I have observed that whatever evidences of feeling there are tend to be exactly the opposite of what might be expected. Bankers, lawyers, and business men of the more hard-boiled variety often display admiration for Stalin, based upon the theory that he has outsmarted the whole world, including his own followers.

In the same way, particularly in college audiences, the pained and shocked feelings of the disillusioned pro-Soviet liberal can be detected; here sometimes information is being asked for, but usually the answers have been discounted in advance.

And in addition to these special sentiments there is one which is always with me: the Communist heckler, usually one in each audience, who questions my interpretation of Stalin's policy with persistence and acumen according to the "line" handed out by the American Communist Party. This heckler is sometimes laughed or applauded into silence by the rest of the audience.

These are exceptions. On the whole, those who ask questions about Russia have no strong opinions and no apparent desire to judge. They simply want a little light, if I have any to shed, on what has been the meaning of these maneuvers by Stalin. All they really want to know, boiled down, is whether he is going into the war on Hitler's side or not.

I reply that he will not if he can avoid it, but that he is unquestionably prepared to help Hitler win the war. As a rule, I go on to say that the régime of Stalin in Russia and that of Hitler in Germany have both changed immeasurably since their foundation; that the inner logic of the two dictatorships, the economic imperatives, and their common hatred of democracy have all combined to bring them closer together.

This brings on a flood of other questions: How did Communism and Fascism originally differ? How do they differ now? Can the Western World stand against the combination? Sometimes I am asked whether a war of France, Germany, and England in combination against Russia is not the most logical outcome.

All of these questions, whatever their form or content, reflect a pre-occupation with Stalinist imperialism, which shows, I think, that these

Problems, perplexities—An illuminating look into a nation's anxious, troubled mind

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

NOWADAYS every lecture, particularly on public affairs, is made into a kind of forum with ample time for questions and answers. I have been lecturing of late in all parts of the country. Women's and men's clubs, colleges, and miscellaneous public audiences are remarkably alike in the direction of interest in the international situation that is shown by their questions.

To be sure, college undergraduates

5. The military position of Germany.

6. The Red army.

7. The possibilities of a "decent peace."

8. Theoretical information. (The meaning of *Lebensraum* in Nazi theory, for example, or the theoretical distinctions between contemporary Hitlerism and Stalinism.)

9. Personal information, chiefly about Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini,

DO KNOW ABOUT THE WAR

audiences have correctly understood the Russo-German combination to be the primary danger in the present position of Europe. At this writing, the general notion seems to be that Stalin holds the whip hand, in spite of the superiority of Germany in military efficiency and economic techniques. I do not share this view, or, rather, I believe that it is much too limited and refers to the temporary success of Stalin's tactics in the political field, without due consideration of the consequences.

The questions on neutrality are almost as numerous as those about Russian policy. There are always several about Italy, usually a few about the smaller neutrals at the two ends of the Maginot-Siegfried positions (Switzerland, Holland, Belgium), and perhaps one or two about Japan; but the bulk of these questions are about the neutrality of the United States. How can we stay out of the war? What is likely to bring us into it, if anything? Can we afford to risk the chance of victory for Hitler? What American interests would be endangered by German victory?

Until the repeal of the embargo on arms shipments, I observed, or thought I did, that all kinds of audiences were alike in distrusting the neutrality debate. I believe, and always say, that legislation cannot possibly get us into war or keep us out; that a country dominated by waves of unfettered democratic public opinion will get in or stay out according to its predominant sentiments, and that these will be governed by actual events. And in the framing of the questions there was apparent, throughout the neutrality debate, a frame of mind which seemed to me openly skeptical. The questioners did not themselves believe in the efficacy of neutrality legislation.

My experience suggests that most people reject the general thesis of such legislation, which is that a law can keep us out of war, but accept some of the particular clauses of laws designed to diminish our risks. Most people willingly admit that we should deny ourselves the rights we once thought so important—the "freedom of the seas" and all the rest of it.

There is certainly a very strong antiwar feeling among all ages and types of people, if these questions and answers are indicative. But it is strongest of all among the boys and girls of college age. This startled and dumfounded me at first. I could not help remembering my own contemporaries, those who came to the age of military service at about the end of the World War. We were all the prey of an unreasoning war fever. We wanted war and we wanted to go to it.

We knew nothing about war. These youngsters, thanks to many books and movies and a generation of talk about the horrors of war, actually dislike

the idea of it intensely. Again and again I am asked from the auditorium in a college audience how "young people can organize to stay out of war" and what "we can do to make war impossible." When the lecture is over and questions are asked privately (before I have made my escape), there are always a few young people with questions in the same vein. Once, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, a young man told me he would do anything on earth, including going before a firing squad, before he would go to war.

All this is, of course, a very healthy sign. It shows the growth of an active and intelligent appreciation of what war is.

On propaganda, the whole country seems to be under a cloud of indiscriminating skepticism and confusion. Nobody knows what to believe. Even grown-up men and women ask me "if everything in the papers is propaganda." I tell them that the great American press associations and newspaper services have the same correspondents now that they had before the declaration of war, and that these men have not suddenly become liars; that the papers tell all the truth they can get to tell. But instantly comes the question: "Yes, but what about censorship?"

ONLY the vaguest notion—mostly profound distrust—seems to exist about censorship. I explain that censors can remove parts of a dispatch but that they cannot put anything in. This is usually new and surprising to the questioners. Most of them also assume that all war communiqués are false, and seem startled when I say that in my opinion they have all been true, so far, on both sides, even when they contradicted each other. I try to make the questioners see how quickly a military action takes place (an air raid in particular), and in what abnormal conditions of tension, and how difficult it is for the opposing sides to agree on exactly what did take place. All the difficulties seem to be new to the questioners, who on the whole have taken all war information to be "propaganda."

And the word "propaganda," I have discovered, means in the popular mind simply lies. The ideas that the best propaganda, in many cases, is the unvarnished truth, and that a plain black lie is usually bad propaganda because it is bound to be found out, have slowly made progress in the European ministries which deal with such things. It is only since the war started that Dr. Goebbels, for example, the Nazi Minister of Public Enlightenment, has seen fit to allow the American correspondents in Berlin to see a good deal for themselves. American opinion, characterized at the present moment chiefly by skepticism and distrust, is not willing to admit wholeheartedly that anything

it reads or hears from Europe is true. The danger of this indiscriminating rejection, it seems to me, is that the people really do not know what to believe, and consequently can believe fantastic untruths as easily as they can the simplest fact.

The chief distrust of propaganda has to do, oddly enough, with the English and French. The instinct of the people tells it—quite accurately—that there is no danger of this country being taken in by any Nazi or Bolshevik appeals, but that it must be on its guard against the kindred nations of England and France who "dragged us into war" once before. Consequently that type of German propaganda, very recently invented, which aims at making Americans believe the English are deceiving them, is immensely successful. I am continually answering questions, sometimes from adults, who apparently believe Mr. Winston Churchill personally sank the Athenia. They would never have thought of such a thing if Dr. Goebbels had not made it up. In the same way there is no invention of Nazi ingenuity, however absurd, which would not find some believers in this country if it tended to accuse the English of plots to get us into this war.

I can give Dr. Goebbels a good tip: Say publicly that King George VI set the Reichstag building on fire—you don't need any evidence; just say it—and there are thousands of people in America who will believe you!

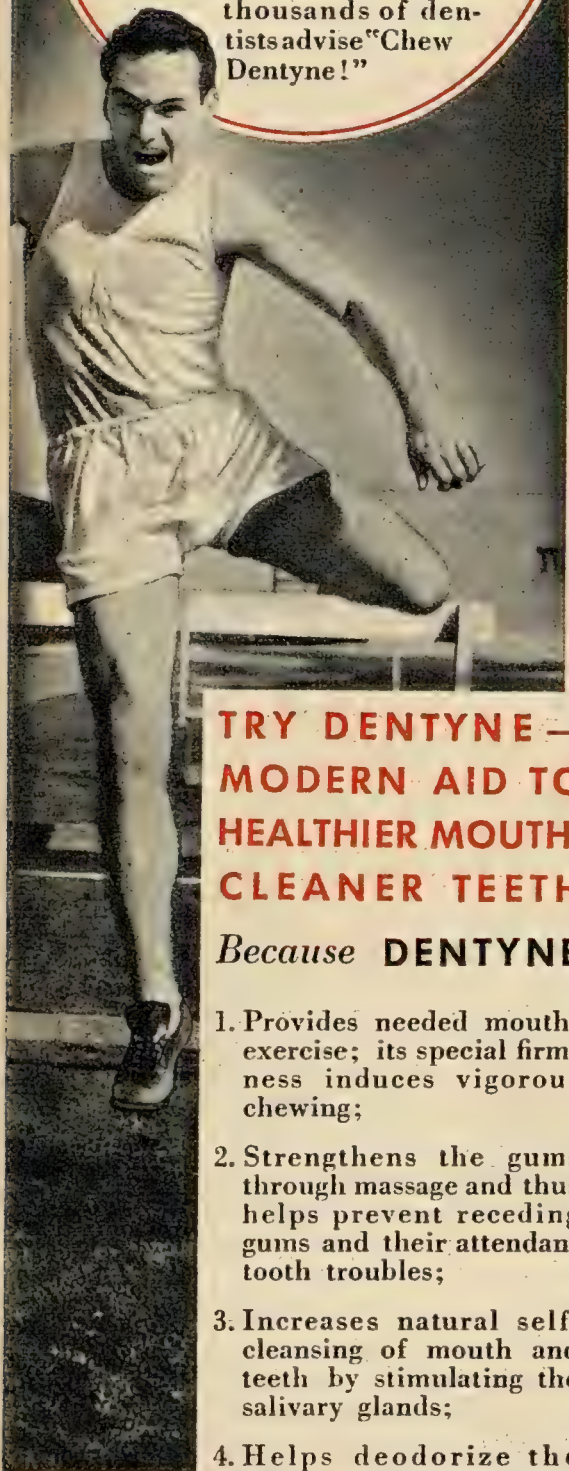
The distrust of "British propaganda" is accompanied by a firm desire to see England and France win the war. There is a paradox, perhaps, but it is true. I never run into any sign of neutral feeling. On the whole, I believe that the frame of mind shown is one of great confusion. They all want England and France to win and America to remain neutral, but they are haunted by the fear that England and France cannot win without some help from America. This makes a sort of crisscross type of thinking in which they suspect every piece of news of being designed to "drag us into war," but they cannot avoid the uneasy suspicion that war may, even so, be our fate.

What I have to tell them about the tremendous strength of the German army and the relative inferiority of the French and the British does nothing to dispel these fears. It is then that they fall back upon questions about a possible "decent peace," and personal questions about European leaders. The hope of some incurable disease for Hitler and Mussolini both is apparently widespread. It almost seems as if the hand of God were being invoked against the calamities which are—unfortunately—so much wider and deeper than can be caused or cured by any one person, even Hitler, even Mussolini.

THE END

Active Legs ...LAZY MOUTH

You bet a great runner exercises his legs yet he, like you, often forgets that mouth and teeth also need exercise for health. Dentists say modern soft foods do not give our mouths and teeth enough real chewing—that's why thousands of dentists advise "Chew Dentyne!"



**TRY DENTYNE —
MODERN AID TO
HEALTHIER MOUTH,
CLEANER TEETH**

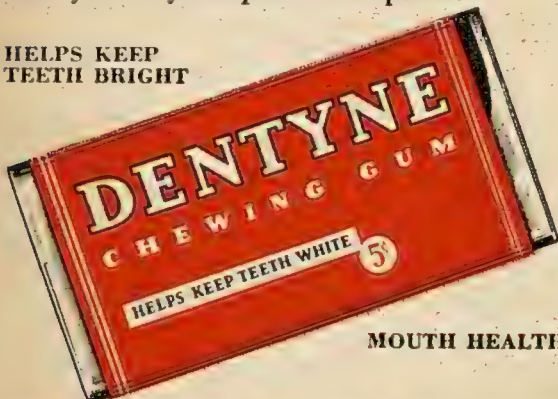
Because **DENTYNE**

1. Provides needed mouth-exercise; its special firmness induces vigorous chewing;
2. Strengthens the gums through massage and thus helps prevent receding gums and their attendant tooth troubles;
3. Increases natural self-cleansing of mouth and teeth by stimulating the salivary glands;
4. Helps deodorize the mouth and make the breath sweet and wholesome.

AND tastes so delicious! You'll enjoy Dentyne's smooth, spicy flavor.

Notice the cleverly flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentyne feature). It slides neatly into your pocket or purse.

HELPS KEEP
TEETH BRIGHT

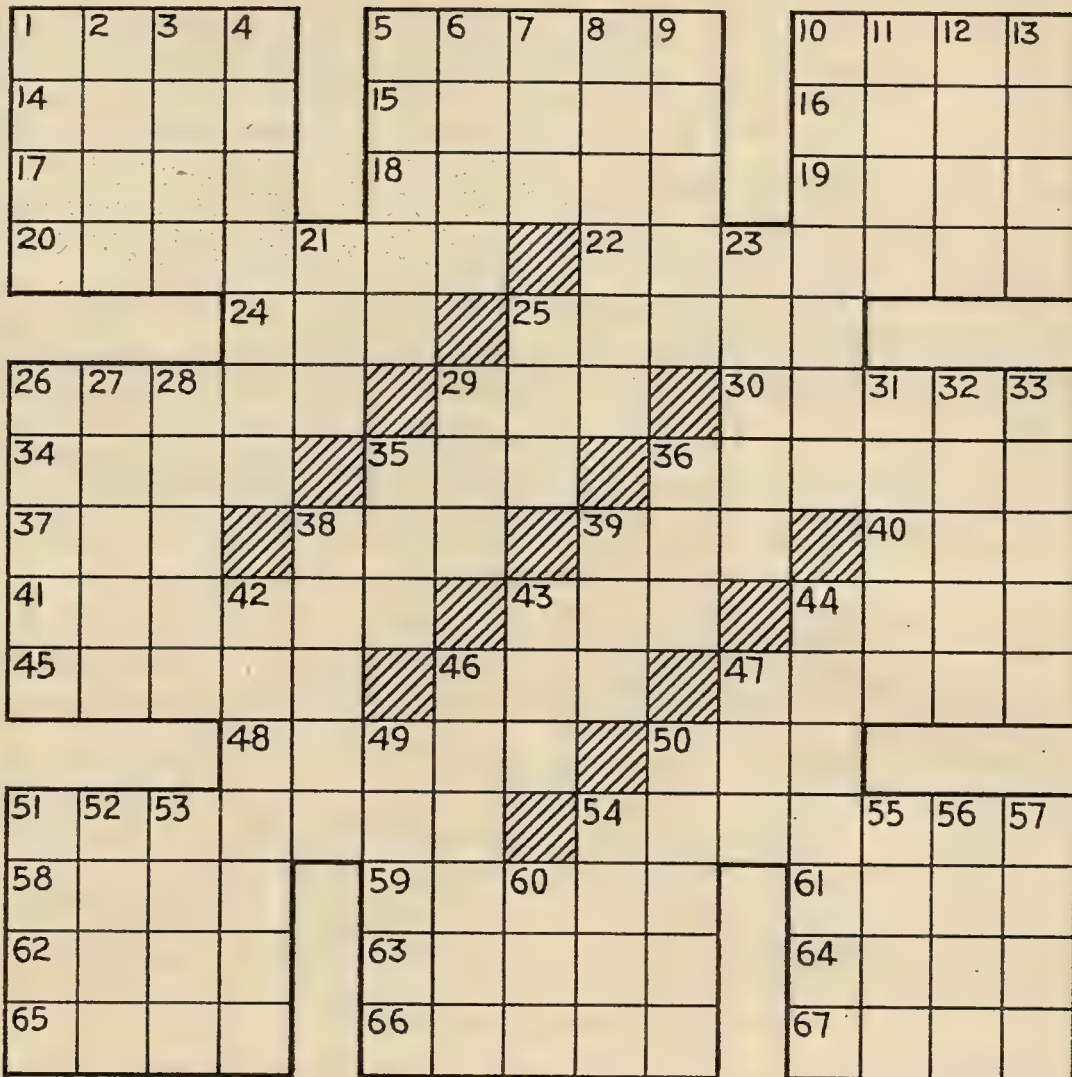


MOUTH HEALTHY

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

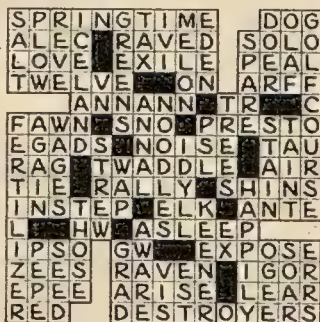
CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Sheepfold
- 5 Cognizant
- 10 Cries like a seagull
- 14 Russian mountains
- 15 Bring to perfection
- 16 Indian female servant
- 17 Garden implement
- 18 Newspaper paragraphs
- 19 Rend asunder
- 20 Defect or flaw
- 22 Examined and adjusted
- 24 Sooner than
- 25 Motionless
- 26 Apart from another
- 29 Seed covering
- 30 Fertile spot in a desert
- 34 Heavy stupid fellow
- 35 Sped
- 36 Lively Spanish dance
- 37 Japanese sash
- 38 Age
- 39 Lower and raise quickly
- 40 Cushion
- 41 Mountain gorge
- 43 Concealed
- 44 Roman patriot
- 45 Construct
- 46 Vigor
- 47 City in Massachusetts
- 48 Weird



Last week's answer

- 50 Conjunction
- 51 Kind of cloth
- 54 Gave
- 58 County in New York
- 59 Old European coin
- 61 Female horse
- 62 Prophet
- 63 Growing out
- 64 Dash
- 65 Chanted
- 66 Cut, as wood
- 67 For fear that

VERTICAL

- 1 That which checks
- 2 Of the mouth
- 3 Lay hold of
- 4 Component part
- 5 Ascend
- 6 Preposition
- 7 Copy
- 8 Send back
- 9 Succeed
- 10 Pertaining to a

- husband
- 11 Give forth
- 12 Undulate
- 13 Cause to flow
- 21 Anger
- 23 Languish
- 25 Electric atom
- 26 Worship
- 27 Pertaining to a lobe
- 28 Tree
- 29 Woodland spirit
- 31 Part of a flower
- 32 Enraged
- 33 Ancient city
- 35 Spawn of fishes
- 36 Make an offer
- 38 Penetrate
- 39 Obscure
- 42 Large mass of ice
- 43 Hasten
- 44 Burnt sugar
- 46 South American animal
- 47 Male child
- 49 Is borne
- 50 Celebrated
- 51 Impose a tax
- 52 Any plane surface having bounds
- 53 Appearance
- 54 Fruit
- 55 Story
- 56 Periods
- 57 Ding
- 60 Noise made by ravens

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Ripcord

BY DORIS STEAD

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE plane was red like a streak of blood across the sky. The crowd was tense. Trumpets blared. Colored balloons splashed the afternoon, and the gray-painted horses of the merry-go-round chased like mad, slowing down as the voice of the amplifier boomed across the grounds, giant and sonorous, staccato tearing across its middle like a crack in a victrola record.

Ric's eyes were on the plane. His face was anxious and his mouth was tight. "She's got a lot of nerve," the old man standing next to him said. "Golly, yesterday in that terrible wind . . ."

Ric made a sound, stabbing his heel in the dust, his eyes strained on the sky, the parachute unfolding now full-bloom, swaying, floating, the jumper beneath dangling, miniature, like a fob on a watch chain. A tiny falling dot, increasing now—a figure, body, legs, floating through space; a freak mushroom, with a girl for a stalk, tumbling to earth, the roof of the parachute on the ground now, crepy gray like the body of a dead octopus.

The crowd surged forward, wav-

ing, yelling, then broke in a tide, sweeping back to the circus rumpus, while she stood, slim and straight, getting her second breath.

Ric walked over. She was fiddling with her overalls, kicking them loose from her feet. His shadow fell across the grass and she looked up sharply. "Why, Ric!" she said, turning deathly pale. "What are *you* doing here? This *is* a surprise!"

"Could we have a cup of coffee, a drink or something, and talk?" he said.

"Well, I guess; I don't see why not." She turned, looking back at

"Don't do that," he said, his arms around her. "I can't stand it."

A tense, vivid tale of a lover's reward and a girl who discovered her heart

the plane. "That is, if Eddie . . ."

"The pilot?"

She nodded, raised her hand. "I guess it'll be all right with him. But wait—let *me* talk."

The pilot waved back, and they waited while he walked over.

"Meet an old friend," she said. "Ric Williams. I knew him in Detroit, Eddie."

Eddie grinned. His left eye bounced shiftily. His face was as brown as brown leather. He was young, and handsome in a rough way.

"So you knew the kid in Detroit?" he said.

"That's right," Ric said.



ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENTINI

"Well," Eddie laughed, "and how did you like our show?"

"I thought it was swell."

"Listen, Eddie," she said. "Say I take Ric over and we have a cup of coffee and I see you later. Is that all right with you?"

"Why, sure," Eddie said, looking Ric up and down. "How long you here for?"

"Oh, tonight; tomorrow maybe."

"Come on up to the hotel after," Eddie said, his eyes uncertain on hers.

"We'll do that," she said. "Now you be good, Eddie."

"O. K.," he grinned. "O. K., pal."

"He's so sweet," she said, watching him walk away. "You'll like him a lot."

"Do you like him a lot?"

She laughed. "What do you care?"

"Maybe you don't know."

"And maybe I don't care."

"That's what I want to know. That's what I've come to find out," he said gravely.

They walked over the dried brown grass, and she took off her little blue cap, and her hair fell to her shoulders gold in the sun and curling under like a wedding ring.

"You're still the same; haven't changed a bit," he said.

She shrugged, glanced up at him, her mouth exquisite in a smile. "But why should I?" she said.

"This whacky life," he said.

"You're crazy."

"It's crazy."

"You think so?"

THEY sat at a small table with a sugar bowl and salt shakers, and the cups were thick and the coffee was strong and black, and it was gay from the windows, and out on the field the plane rested like a great red butterfly with the sun on its wings.

"How does it look high up, down here?" he asked.

"I've never really thought," she said. "I only know how it feels."

"You've got a lot of courage," he said.

"Courage?" She gave him a sober look. "I'd be a fool to say I was never afraid, but"—she smiled faintly—"it passes off—like everything passes off."

"Meaning?"

"Us, of course."

"So you're all over it?" he said, stirring his cup and keeping his eyes down away from her.

"It took a long time, Riccy, but I'm all over it."

"I didn't love her," he said gravely. "I knew that after you went away."

"So you threw her down, too. You broke her heart, too."

He shook his head slowly. "No. She threw me down, Fay."

"A lovely business all the way round, Riccy. Oh, you'll never know. I nearly went crazy, but you'll never know. Flying saved me. This"—she paused, gave him a deep look—"this whacky life saved me. You can't very well go nuts up in the air, baby.

You've got to have your wits about you, I'm telling you."

"Fay, the beautiful parachute jumper," he said, his mouth a grim line. "Have you forgotten how to dance?"

"I've forgotten I've two feet," she said breezily. "All I know now are wings. But weren't we marvelous?" she mocked. "Remember London? Remember our first season?"

"I remember too much," he said.

"You remember too much a little too late," she said. She laughed shortly, looking away to the window.

"I know how you must feel," he said wretchedly, "and I don't blame you, and I'm not asking anything, only that you come back. Give this



DORIS STEAD

born in London, has lived all over the world. She prefers flying to any other mode of travel. Dogs and writing are her pet hobbies and she is the author of a hundred or so magazine stories. She lives in Rye, New York, with her Australian husband and their two young sons.

thing up, Fay. It's cheap and it's dangerous, and in the end it'll get you."

"I wouldn't leave him for anything," she said, facing him again. "You don't know what it meant to me, what it meant to have some one like him at a time when everything had broken. He was so—so sweet, so kind. You don't know, Riccy. I couldn't begin to tell you."

"He's a hard drinker, Fay. I know that. I've heard that. He's a dyed-in-the-wool . . ."

"It's when I'm not with him," she broke in sharply. "It's when he gets around in bars."

"You can't drink and fly," Ric said solemnly. "One of these days it'll get him. And one of these days it'll get you too."

"Six months ago I'd have given anything to have you worry about me, Riccy," she said quietly; "but now—" She broke off, searching in her pockets. "Have you a cigarette?" she said nervously. "I'm out." She waited while he struck the match, watched the flame die out, drawing on the cigarette. "But now what does it matter?" she said.

She flung her head back suddenly, the cigarette between her lips, and he couldn't see her eyes.

"Are you in love with him?" Ric asked soberly.

"But what would be the use?" she said, with her head flung back.

"Then that's it," Ric said.

She leaned forward again, her eyes wet. "When I left you I was through with love, Riccy. I swore I was through, but I guess I'm a fool."

She laughed sadly and ground out her cigarette on the saucer of the coffeecup. The sun, falling fast to sunset, was deep yellow on her hair. The place was quiet now. Outside the crowd had thinned.

"Aw, come on, buck up," Ric said. "We might take a ride on the elephant. I could go for that."

IT was seven when they reached the hotel. Eddie swung them into the room, his arms wide, his face all smiles. The radio blasted full swing. He made a dive and jammed it off without looking, his left eye flickering like a sign going on and off.

"Kid!" he said. "Say, listen. I been crazy waiting. I been bats!"

"I'm sorry, Eddie," she said, eyeing him curiously. "Give Ric a drink, will you?"

Eddie grinned. He ran a hand through his hair fast, the curls squashing down and springing up again. "So you'd like a drink?"

"I would," Ric said.

"O. K., Ric. O. K., pal," Eddie said. "Help yourself."

"Now, Eddie, if you can't be a gentleman, for once—" She went to the table, drew the cork from the bottle, reached for a glass.

Eddie stood still, his mouth dropped crooked. He stood wide, with his hands on his hips. "Listen, kid," he said. "I got big news." He grinned; pulled his face straight again, staring at Ric. "Sure we'll have a drink," he said. "We'll all have a drink, and let me talk."

"That'll be fine," Ric said quietly. He sat down. "Go on and fire ahead."

Eddie brought his hands together tight, with a smash like a paper bag exploding. He was full of life. You could feel it down in the roots of the room. He was a little drunk, too.

"Thanks," Ric said, taking the glass from Fay.

"O. K.," Eddie said. "What about you, kid?"

"I don't think I want a drink."

"Hell, you do. Sure you do. Listen, baby. Don't go and get a mad on account of I'm feeling good. Sure you'll have a drink. Here, take mine."

She took the glass and sat down. Eddie fixed one for himself, whistling, dancing around, making wise-cracks. Then he lifted his glass.

"Cheerio and all that," he said.

"Cheerio," Ric said.

"Down the hatch," Eddie said, grinning, and drinking down fast. "Now," he said, setting his glass down, "listen, kid. Tonight we're going to give them a thrill. Tonight you're going to make a delayed jump while they play the lights on you. I got it all lined up, all worked out. One thousand smackers. One thousand smackers, baby, for one measly jump! How's that sit with you?"

"It doesn't," Ric said. "She shan't do it."

"Listen," Eddie said. "If you want your jaw knocked off . . ."

"Don't be like that, Eddie," Fay said, jumping up fast. "Sit down."

Eddie sat down. His jaw worked. He ran both hands through his hair, glaring at Ric.

"It's like this," she said. "You're a little drunk, Eddie. We can't go through with a thing like this when you're—drunk."

"Drunk!" Eddie roared. "So I'm drunk!"

"Please, Eddie—"

"She's right," Ric said.

"So you've gone yellow on me," Eddie said.

"Eddie, *don't!*"

"It's like this," Ric said. "I want her to give this thing up."

"So you do?" Eddie laughed hard, falling back on the bed. Then he got to his feet again. "And who are you?"

"Ric has *nothing* to do with it," she said hotly. "It's up to me. The point is—"

"I'm drunk," Eddie flung at her fiercely. "Listen. You can't do this to me. We're partners, see? What I say goes."

She stood motionless, her face white, her eyes stark on his. "I'm sorry, Eddie," she said brokenly, "but I can't do it. I really can't do it—the way you are."

Eddie's face was ugly. His mouth was hard. His eyes burned down on hers. "You're sorry! One thousand smackers, and you say you're sorry!"

"If you hadn't been drinking," she stammered, her mouth twisting—"you know how I worry, Eddie."

"Yes, I know," he cried. "How I know! The trouble with you, Fay, you want to run things. You want things too fancy. A man can't take a drink without you getting nice and fussy. Well, I'm tired of it, see? I've had enough. I've had enough of you tagging around with me. It's

when I'm not with you, Eddie.' Yeah!" He laughed hard. "It's when I get around in bars!"

He stopped short, swung away to the window.

"I didn't know you felt like that," she said weakly, forcing back the tears. "I—I wish I'd known."

"Well, you know *now*," he said, swinging round again, his lips tight, his eyes fast down on hers.

"Let's get out of here," Ric said. "Come on, Fay."

"Yes," she said. Her mouth quivered. She bit down into her lower lip. "Well, good-by, Eddie" She broke off, moved quickly to the door.

"And good luck," Ric said, taking her arm.

"You can go to hell," Eddie said, as they passed out the door.

"So *that's* the lad you're carrying the torch for?" Ric said, when they reached the street.

She said nothing.

"What now?" Ric said. "Where to now?"

"Oh, anywhere—I don't care!"

They taxied to an inn on the outskirts of the town. The orchestra was playing a waltz. The place was gay.

"Where's Eddie?" they asked.

"They know you here?" Ric said.

She nodded. Ordered a brandy. Sat back. "Everybody knows Eddie," she said.

"He's some boy, all right."

"You don't know him."

Ric smiled, took a drink, set his glass down with a snap. "No, I guess not. It's when he gets around in bars."

"Don't be cruel. Don't be rotten, Ric."

Ric's eyebrow ran up. He laughed blandly. "You can't tell me you've been happy mixed up with a guy like that."

"You wouldn't know," she said, "and I couldn't begin to tell you."

"My, you *have* got it bad," Ric said nastily. "Why the devil didn't you stay? I don't doubt he could use that thousand bucks."

"I wasn't thinking of myself," she said. "I was thinking of him. It would be suicide for him to fly like that. You must know"

Her head went down on her arms on the table.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Ric said, "snap out of it."

"I wish you'd go. I wish you'd go and leave me alone."

"She sick?" asked the waiter. "You sick, Miss Fay?"

"No, I'm all right," she said.

The waiter touched his chin slowly with his thumb; then his eyes came to life, wide. "Eddie, he ain't hurt?"

"No!" she cried, shaking her head on her arms. "No! No! No!" She looked up quickly, and her face was wet. "I'm sorry, Joe. Don't mind me. I just don't feel so well, that's all."

"That's not so good," Joe said, troubled. "I'm sorry to hear that."

Shaving's just a picnic now!

Those Thin Gillettes are slick—and how!

They give a fast, good-looking shave—

Yet cost so little you can save!



New kind of edges
on steel hard enough
to cut glass!

The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

"I wish you'd cheer up," Ric said, when they were alone again. "I wish you'd snap out of it."

"Oh, I'll be all right. Just sit here and talk to me. In a little while I'll feel better. I'll throw it off."

He ordered another brandy and talked to her. He talked about old times, and he talked about their work together; the new dance, rehearsals, new contracts. But she sat with her head thrown back, the smoke from her cigarette making a map on the ceiling, her face white, expressionless; while the music beat through his words, dull, monotonous.

"It's no use," she said suddenly. "We would never be any good together again. I know, Riccy. It's gone—the feeling I had for dancing and the feeling I had for you." She sat up straight and her eyes were bright and her cheeks were flushed. "It's all gone in the feeling I have for him," she said.

"So you're telling me good-by, too," Ric said.

"I said good-by to you long ago, Riccy."

"You're a fool," he said. "I give you the chance to drag yourself up again, out of this rotten cheap mess . . ."

"No," she cut in. "You're not kidding me, Ric. You want me back because you've been no good without me. I know. They didn't want her, Riccy. They wanted me. But you couldn't see it then because you were too blind—with love," she said with superb irony. "Ah, no, my boy. I've grown a little since those days. I wouldn't go back with you again for anything. Not for anything!"

"Well!" he said. "Well, well." And then he stopped short, looking up sharply, as Eddie's hand fell on her shoulder.

"Look, kid," Eddie said, "Joe told me. He called me and told me you were sick."

RIC got to his feet.

"It's all right," Eddie said. "Don't let me butt in. It's just that I heard the kid was sick."

"I wish you'd pay for the drinks, Eddie, and we'll get out of here." Her mouth trembled and her eyes met Ric's. "You don't mind?" she said. "You understand?"

"Oh, I understand, all right," Ric said, his voice tinged with sarcasm. "And just to make things simple I'll go. You stay. I guess the bar looks good to Eddie."

"Now look, pal," Eddie said. "Now see here—"

"Oh, let him go," she said wearily. She turned to Ric. "Good night, Ric. Good night and good-by."

"Now listen," Eddie said, when he had gone. "That's no way to treat a guy." His voice broke dry.

"He's nothing to me," she said.

"No?" Eddie looked across at her steadily. "He was once," he said.

"How did you know?"

"He's the guy you've been breaking your heart for," he said.

"Yes?" she said. "Oh, I like

that!" She laughed, and tears sprang down her cheeks, and she put her hands to her face, sobbing and laughing.

When she was still, Eddie said: "You don't have to be gallant with me, Fay. You owe me nothing. I'm a louse and a bum and I drink like a fish, and you owe me nothing. Listen. When he turned up this afternoon, I knew it was the way I wanted it to be—the way it *should* be. You don't belong here, kid. You belong back there, dancing on your toes with him again. You never did belong in this game. It's no life for a girl like you . . ."

"Eddie, stop!" she said.

"No," he said, "I won't. Let me



"And you might add that Miss Bonnelle is as sweet and unassuming off screen as on."

talk. Let me finish it out. You're not my kind. You're too fine. I know—I know. When we met, when I first met you—well, it was all right then. You needed a guy like me, a tough egg like me, to pull you up by the bootstraps." He laughed gently, leaned across the table and dabbed her eyes with his handkerchief. "But listen, baby. You can't spend the rest of your life flirting with death and"—he grinned—"tagging the bars after a drunk like me."

He sat back, lighted a cigarette, took a long draw. "So there you are," he said. "That's how it goes. You owe me nothing, baby."

Their eyes met and held. She said softly: "That's where you're wrong, Eddie. I was dead when you found me. You gave me life. Brought me back again."

"Forget it," Eddie said.

"Never. I couldn't. And I don't want to."

He flicked the ash from his cigarette over the side of the table and stared around. The place was filling up. The bar was crowded. The orchestra played a rumba, hot and sweet. His eyes came back to her.

"What about *him*?" he said, his voice low and tense.

"Oh, I'm all over that," she said.

"When?" he asked.

"Months ago."

"How?" he said.

"You," she said.

"Me?" His jaw dropped.

Her mouth quivered. She started to speak, dashed a hand across her eyes.

"Listen," Eddie said, his voice breaking. "For Pete's sake, don't start that again. Look; you've got me doing it too."

"I'm so silly—silly," she said.

"No."

"Come on," she said, drying her eyes fast. "Let's get out to the field." She smiled, stood up. "You ready?"

"You betcha," Eddie said unsteadily. "But first I've got to have a drink. You don't mind if I have a little drink?"

"I don't mind, Eddie."

SHE waited while he poured himself a drink from the bottle on the bar. "We'll be back later, Joe," he said. "This is a big night. A great night. She's gonna make that jump with the lights playing on her. She's gonna give 'em all the tricks!"

"Better go steady on the drink," Joe said.

"Just one little drink," Eddie said, drinking fast and setting the glass down. "O. K., kid, let's go."

She took his arm and they walked outside together. The night was still, the moon washing the street and the trees with silver.

Eddie looked down at her, and her face was white and lovely, and her eyes looking into his starry bright.

"Listen, kid," he said. "I wasn't drunk tonight."

"I know that now," she said.

"It was just an act."

"I know that, too."

"But here's one thing you don't know." He thrust his hands into his pockets, paused, struggling for words. "I've been haywire," he said. "I've been nuts. But now maybe it's all right to tell you—" He laughed shyly, looking down at her. "I'm crazy about you, baby. When you walked out of that room tonight, something broke loose inside me. I guess it was my heart."

Her hand struck out to his, and he drew her gently to him, and he could feel her sobbing.

"Don't do that," he said, his arms tight around her. "I can't stand it."

"I love you," she said. "Oh, I do, so much. Too much. It hurts and hurts."

"Me too," he said, reaching into his pocket for his handkerchief and blowing his nose hard. "Let's find a cab," he said huskily. "Let's get going." He straightened, caught her hand and held it tight. "It's on the ground, for us, from now on," he said. "We're through flying. I sold the plane an hour ago. So I've got the cash"—he drew a breath—"and I've got the girl, and you won't need a parachute for the jump you're going to make, baby!"

THE END

WHAT KIND OF *President* WOULD SENATOR TAFT MAKE?

Here's the man, his ways, his private life!—A candid, revealing portrayal

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

BOB TAFT is no crooner. If political orators were rated as other radio performers are, he might achieve the world's lowest Crossley, though radio polls do put him at the top in one thing—logic.

Before an audience, his solemn face and ponderous body, his stiff gestures, most of all his apparently austere aloofness, make him an oratorical dud.

The Neil House crowd, therefore, were not much worried when the word went forth that Taft was taking to the stump in the Ohio Senatorial primary campaign of 1938.

The more speeches Taft made, they figured, the more votes their own candidate, Judge Arthur (Happy) Day would get. Happy was an old campaigner, an experienced gagman, a practiced orator.

What the bosses hadn't counted on was that the time does come, at least once every depression, when voters prefer instruction to entertainment—when, as one Taft admirer put it, they turn from fireside chatterers to a man who has something to say and the courage to say it.

"To voters weary of charm," wrote one observer, "he is as reassuring as old carpet slippers."

Recently Alice Roosevelt Longworth, in contemplating the possibility that her friend Bob might succeed her cousin Franklin, said much the same thing.

"It would be like drinking a glass of milk," quipped Princess Alice, "after taking a slug of benzedrine."

All of which does not really do full credit to Bob Taft's fighting qualities, which make him anything but a Mr. Milquetoast. Whatever one thinks about this burly, prosy, solemn-faced Buckeye, it must be admitted that he is a man willing to rise or fall by his convictions, a bold leader scorning evasion. The Neil House gang found that out.

Taft on the stump made no attempt to be a flowery orator. He simply

pounded hard on facts in commonsensical language, and without trying to get laughs. Everywhere he went, he impressed the voters as an earnest high-minded man of substantial qualities—candor, courage, and ability—unspectacular but sound.

At first he tried to duck out of his meetings the minute he had finished speaking his piece. But word soon spread that this was his habit; and two strong-armed local admirers were told off in each spot to detain him by physical force until the handshakers could get to him. The result was that he made more converts after his meetings than during them. For, at close range, the mantle of austerity drops from Bob Taft and reveals a man who is affable, informal, even humorous.

Men who wouldn't think of making themselves conspicuous by heckling in public questioned him sharply in these after-meeting talks, and gave him just the chance he needed to set himself on record on troublesome subjects. It has long been a supposedly unbreakable rule that candidates for public office should talk a lot but say nothing. Taft has consistently broken this rule. He has the revolutionary idea that the voters are entitled to know what he thinks on every important issue, and has consequently spent a good part of his political life out on the well known limb.

Ohio people liked that. They also liked a man who admitted that he

didn't know everything. The world is pretty sick of cocksure politicians. When Bob makes up his mind on a subject, he talks freely on it with a forthrightness that leaves nobody in doubt as to where he stands. But he scorns to appear to have convictions on a topic when he hasn't.

In short, Bob did very well for himself on the one-night stands.

Then, there was Martha.

A woman who has the beauty and charm of the present Queen Elizabeth of England and not a little of the ability and will power of Queen Elizabeth of old is a factor to be reckoned with in any situation. In the game Robert Taft was playing, she turned out to be the trump card. For Martha, no one could deny, had "color."

Of course she had a lot of other things, too. She had long been active in organization work, especially in women's and charitable groups. She was captain of the first Girl Scout troop organized in Washington; was on the first national board in this movement; and had been active in Girl Scout work in Cincinnati. In the National League of Women Voters she had played a prominent part since the organization was founded. She was the first woman vice-chairman of the Cincinnati Community Chest. She also served as a board member and chairman of the nursing committee of the Children's Hospital of Cincinnati.

All of which was useful experience



BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

to prepare Martha Taft for the behind-the-scenes work of organizing Bob's campaign. It is no easy task to build overnight a state-wide organization to combat a political machine which has been functioning smoothly for decades. At the outset of the campaign, Martha devoted full time to this work. And, as results showed, she did a swell job.

After Martha got the organization wheels well oiled, she went out and began oiling up the voters. Her first date was at a meeting of Negro women to celebrate Lincoln's Birthday. Before she went on, she was told that she couldn't make a political speech, that she must talk about Lincoln.

"But when I got through," she laughed, "it was hard to tell where Lincoln left off and Bob Taft began."

Martha could tell a story, she could pull a wisecrack, she could get a laugh, and when it came to tooting Bob Taft's horn, the Hollywood praiseries had nothing on her.

"Praise embarrasses him," she would explain, and then launch into eulogies of her beloved which would bring blushes to the cheeks of the most "robust and Brass-bound Man." Shameless, that's what she was. And her Bob emerged from her welter of wit and worship as just about the swellest guy that ever trod the earth.

Frankly, Martha was a riot. Requests for her appearances flooded campaign headquarters. She appealed strongly to the women in politics because of her political sagacity and organizational skill; and she appealed equally strongly to the women not in politics because her fame as a wife and mother had long since spread throughout the Buckeye State. Asked where he stood on the youth question, Bob Taft once said:

"Four sons assure our interest in the youth of America."

A statesmanlike utterance that; but it probably didn't make as much impression on the mothers of the land as a remark made by Martha Taft to a photographer who had been struggling to get those same four sons to sit for a group photograph and was having not a little trouble lining them up. Finally he said to Mrs. Taft:

"Do you like this group?"

"If I don't like this group," she replied, "who would?"

BOB drove his car thirty thousand miles, made over six hundred speeches. His wife very nearly equaled this record, not speaking so often as her husband, but evening up by attending innumerable receptions, teas, and sociables. Altogether, Martha Taft appeared in eighty-five of Ohio's eighty-eight counties.

Against this double threat Happy Day did the best he could. But the voters believed Bob and Martha. Taft beat Day by 62,000.

But beating the New Deal's baby, Senator Bulkley, in the election wouldn't be so easy, politicians said. Bulkley had factors working for him which were not present in the case of hapless Happy Day. Chief among

these, of course, was the relief money which Republican Governor Bricker is *not* now getting for Ohio.

Besides, Bulkley stood on his record in the Senate, which, from a New Deal standpoint, was excellent. Finally, he had behind him the smooth-running, thoroughly Farleyized Democratic machine, which had acquired both speed and direction during six fat years of federal patronage.

But Bob Taft has a way of brushing aside considerations which lie outside the main issue of whether a course is right or wrong. He has held from the beginning of his conflict with the Roosevelt administration that the New Deal must be beaten "if the American system of individual enterprise and free government were to be maintained," and that it could be beaten if the issues were once clearly drawn.

THE best way to get the issues squarely joined in this 1938 campaign was, he figured, to get Senator Bulkley, the acknowledged New Deal champion, on the same platform with him, and to fight it out as Lincoln and Douglas did. So, against the advice of all his advisers except Martha, he challenged his opponent to a series of debates.

"Senator Bulkley accepted, and he is probably still wondering why," said Morris D. Ervin, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, writing in the Christian Science Monitor. "The first debate was held in Marietta. . . . There was a good deal of cheering and booing. When Bulkley was booed he became angry. He stopped talking and waited for the booing to stop. . . . All that the radio audience could hear was the booing."

"When it came Taft's turn to talk, the other side began to boo him. But Taft didn't forget his radio audience. . . . He hugged the microphone and went right on talking. Result—the radio audience heard Taft and didn't hear the boos. Taft won over Bulkley by 170,000 votes."

Once safely in the Senate, Taft went on ignoring political traditions, especially the one that baby senators should be seen and not heard. The junior senator from Ohio became one of the most active debaters on the floor; and the outstanding feature of every one of his speeches was, as always, clarity.

"The only way we are going to stop spending is to stop paying money out," he said in his first one; "and the surest way of preventing the paying out of money is not to appropriate the money to be paid out."

During the debate on the \$3,000,000,000 spend-lend proposal, Taft, with his gift for figures, was a tower of strength to the Republican-Democratic coalition which wrecked the President's program.

One of the big radio systems conceived the idea of staging a debate between representatives of the New Deal and of the opposition. For the New Deal man the radio boys chose

a practiced radio speaker, Congressman Thomas V. Smith, once a professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago. For the opposition they sought several outstanding Republican orators, who politely declined to swap wisecracks with glib Mr. Smith. Finally, they got down to Taft.

Against the advice of his friends, Bob accepted the challenge. When his friends offered to write his speeches, Bob said he wouldn't feel honest speaking somebody else's words. So he just gave them his own words. For example:

On government spending: "No nation has ever continued indefinitely an unbalanced budget without ultimate collapse."

On the NLRB: "No human being exists who can be completely impartial in deciding a case on which he has already taken a public position."

On unemployment: "Work relief and direct relief should be consolidated under local administration. The present overhead organization is top-heavy. Out of approximately \$900 spent per case per year, the WPA workers get only about \$600."

Sounds kind of commonsensical, doesn't it?

Evidently the listeners-in thought so. About three million people heard each one of the thirteen debates. A Gallup poll, taken at the conclusion of the thirteen-weeks period, showed 66 per cent for Taft, 34 per cent for Smith. The Mr. Smith who went to Washington took his defeat gracefully.

"If the country has to suffer a Republican President," he said, "my hope is that it will be Mr. Taft."

HAS he a chance?

Well, the political wise men seem to think that he has at least a 50-50 Republican chance—not alone for the reasons which we have been considering here but because of elements in the situation itself.

For example, age may have a great deal to do with choosing the next President. The leading Republican candidate in the current polls is thirty-eight. The leading Democratic candidate — always excepting Mr. Roosevelt — is seventy-two. Voters have usually chosen Presidents whose ages lie in between these extremes. Bob Taft is fifty—not too old, not too young.

Geography is also frequently a deciding factor in the choice of Presidents. Politicians, especially Republican politicians, have a strong preference for candidates born near the center of the population. Seven of the last eleven Republican Presidents have come from Ohio, the pivotal state, the Taft state.

So it would seem that all the senator from Ohio has to do, so far as the nomination goes, is to keep his eye on the ball—and on his three hundred delegates—which he will undoubtedly do. For, as Martha says: "Bob doesn't shoot so far, but he stays on the course!"

THE END

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ONE November day in 1936 the Los Angeles police arrested a sinister-looking chap on suspicion of assault with a deadly weapon.

They didn't know who he was. They didn't know he had committed the assault. But since the victim of it seemed near death, they needed to know right away whether this suspect was the type of person who might commit, perhaps had committed, murder.

Quickly fingerprinting him, they effected instantaneous transmission of the prints over a coast-to-coast telephoto hook-up to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, three thousand miles away.

Within an hour after his arrest, this man's fingerprints had been taken in California, transmitted to the District of Columbia, compared with the approximately twelve million prints in the G-men's files, and the information was on the way back to California that he was James Scott, notorious Midwest criminal, with a long record of arrests and convictions for violent crimes including three charges of murder, on one of which he was convicted and sentenced to serve twenty years in the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet.

Once more convincing proof had been given of what the fingerprint has done for law enforcement: it has shrunk this great country of ours until the area of crime is reduced to the length of a policeman's beat.

This incident—except for the method of transmission, which has been possible only in recent years and is not yet practical in all cases—was routine stuff in the daily life of J. Edgar Hoover's expert searchers in the Identification Division of the Bureau; but it illustrates a fact which is too little known outside of law-enforcement circles—that much of the G-men's best work is done helping others to do good work too.

Suppose, for instance, that the Los Angeles police had not yet captured their man, didn't know his name or his record, but did know, from descriptions, what he looked like.

Well, Hoover's boys in Washington know what almost every important crook in this country looks like, and thousands of less important ones too—sex, color, age, weight, build, complexion, hair, eyes, defects, scars, moles, amputations, deformities, tattoo marks, condition of teeth, and habits of dress.

They know how he talks: whether his voice is soft or loud, high or low; whether his speech is slow or rapid, vulgar or refined; whether he lisps or stutters; whether he speaks with an accent, and if so, what accent.



The MAN Who Couldn't Die

The fingerprint has shrunk the civilized world until the area of crime is but the length of a policeman's beat.

So the chances are much better than even that Hoover could have identified James Scott by turning to what he calls the General Appearance File.

But suppose the Los Angeles boys didn't even know what their man looked like, but did know that his pals called him Silk Hat Harry or Kentucky Red. Hoover could tell them in fifteen minutes what his real name was, or the name he usually went by; what he looked like; what his record was; where he had last been seen. All Hoover would have to do would be to tell one of his clerks to search the Nickname File.

Many of the nicknames of crooks that we read about in the newspapers are newspaper-made. But the underworld has its own nicknames for its denizens, and they are as necessary to them as real names are to citizens of the upper world.

It is useless for a crook's pals to remember his real name, even if they know it—which they generally don't, because he seldom, if ever, uses it. It may be impossible for them to know

all his aliases. The nickname is all he has—and once he gets it, he keeps it until he dies.

There are nearly 150,000 underworld nicknames in the Bureau's files. Here are a few of them: Aggravating Papa, Barrel House Shorty, Bug-house Bill, Carbolic Kid, Clothesline Slim, Diphtheria Jack, Gold Tooth Frenchy, Izzy the Eel, Painless Paul, Soup House Pete; and Babbling Bess, Belching Blanche, Bowlegged Bessie, Fanny the Hop, Iron Foot Florence, Lots o' Mama, National Park Mary, Pansy Hot Stuff, Wild Gat Alma.

Nine times out of ten, however, it is the good old fingerprint that tells the story or completes or clinches the identification. Take, for example, the case of Pittsburgh's Enoch Arden.

Mary Rose McGuire, a coed at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, met and fell in love, as coeds sometimes do, with a fellow student, Samuel Thorpe Fitzgibbon. Sam Fitzgibbon was a personable chap who had spent three years at a military school and a year or so as customers' man for a New

Strangest of fingerprint stories!—A true detective tale from G-men's files

York brokerage house. Mary Rose came of a family which boasted a long line of kings of Ireland, and was by way of being some Irish queen herself. The match, their classmates agreed, was a promising one.

But the elder McGuires thought Mary Rose was too young, Sam too unprepared to support her in the style to which they had accustomed her. When, however, they learned that their little girl was on the dizzy edge of elopement, their Irish hearts softened and they gave the lovers the kind of wedding that attracts wedding presents.

LARGELY on the strength of these presents, which ran comfortably to household furniture, the young Fitzgibbons set themselves up in a charming Pittsburgh apartment. Sam got himself a job with a manufacturing company. And when, in the spring of the following year, 1915, it became evident to all and sundry that they were going to have a baby, even the expectant grandparents agreed that everything was just lovely at the juncture of the Ohio and the Allegheny and the Monongahela.

Mary Rose went to the hospital for her accouchement, which proved to be a most trying one. To go right back to housekeeping was out of the question, so the young father and mother with their newborn daughter, Emily Louise Fitzgibbon, gladly accepted the McGuires' invitation to stay awhile with them.

Fitzgibbon had thus far maintained a becoming attitude of devotion and solicitude. But when the time came for the family to return to their own home, Mary Rose was suddenly faced with the fact that while she was in the hospital her husband had sold practically everything in the apartment—furniture, wedding presents, and all—and had appropriated the proceeds for his own use.

Somehow she managed to overlook this peccadillo. As soon as she was able, she got a job with the telephone company, pooled her earnings with her husband's, and started all over again. On the surface all went well until 1917. Fitzgibbon had long had a yen for the military life. As early as 1911 he had joined the Pennsylvania National Guard. Now he left his wife and child and threw in his lot with the boys bound for France.

When his employers checked over his accounts, they found that the departing patriot had embezzled \$420. The long-suffering Mrs. Fitzgibbon was permitted to pay off this sum at the rate of ten dollars a month, which she faithfully did out of her wages from the telephone company. She also paid off several of her husband's personal debts of which she had had no previous knowledge. And when he returned from the army she was ready to start married life again with a somewhat cleaner slate.

In an aviator's uniform Fitzgibbon looked up his old brokerage friends in New York, hooked on with his

former firm, and prospered. He rose to be manager of his company's branches in New Haven, Boston, and Pittsburgh. Flushed with success and flush with money, he started a brokerage firm of his own in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Fitzgibbon had long since given up her job at the telephone company—and again, on the surface, all was just lovely for the McGuires and the Fitzgibbons.

Actually, all this felicity was a bust.

After the war, although Fitzgibbon maintained a home for his wife and child, he didn't stay in it much. Most of his time he spent carousing with women and undesirable men friends, and he took to drinking heavily.

In 1921 he lost his partner by death and most of his money by speculation. Postwar depression number one left him pretty flat. However, he reorganized his firm as S. T. Fitzgibbon and Company, and managed to get through the next two years. Then, in 1924, he gave up the struggle. On February 12 he telephoned his wife that he wouldn't be home that night, but was depositing \$200 to her account to take care of certain current bills. Then he sat down and wrote a friend of long standing in the Pittsburgh Detective Bureau:

Dear Pal:—This is the end. Have failed miserably and have taken refuge in the river from the Ninth Street bridge. Goodbye and good luck.

(Signed) FITZ.

TWO days later, St. Valentine's Day, an employee of the Fitzgibbon firm called upon Mrs. Fitzgibbon and delivered a diamond ring of hers which had been in the office safe, and certain papers—this in accordance with a note from his boss which he had found on his desk that morning. This note also stated that Fitzgibbon was going to end all by jumping into the Allegheny River.

Mrs. Fitzgibbon took immediate steps to have the river dragged near the bridge, but without result. However, there was nothing surprising about that, for the Allegheny is a sizable and at times swiftly flowing river. Subsequently, with the help of the Pittsburgh authorities, she made every effort possible to find out for sure whether her husband was alive or dead.

Again times were hard for Mary Rose Fitzgibbon. Even the \$200 check which her husband had deposited came back marked "Insufficient Funds." She took her daughter out of a fashionable private school, but by industry and ingenuity, combined with rigid economy, she enabled her to continue in the Pittsburgh public schools.

For five years this woman who had been born to comfort and who had experienced luxury struggled on, waiting for a husband who never returned—this in spite of the fact that on Christmas Day of the year following his departure she had met an old friend of the McGuire family, a sub-

stantial citizen twenty years her senior, who had been seeking her in marriage ever since.

Finally, in 1929, she applied for and received a divorce from Samuel Fitzgibbon, and became Mary Fitzgibbon Jones. The insurance companies in which her former husband had policies recognized the missing man as dead, and in 1933 they paid her the proceeds of these policies. Years of happiness and welcome security came into the life of this woman who had suffered so much.

Then, without warning, Samuel Thorpe Fitzgibbon rose from the dead—rose on his fingerprints.

FINGERPRINTS after fourteen years, you say? Surely they would have changed so much as to be unrecognizable. But no. The fingerprints in J. Edgar Hoover's files are a *permanent* record. Back in the era of John Dillinger there was a lot of talk about changing fingerprints by the scalpel method. Several of the bigger crooks fell for the idea—Dillinger himself among them. The boys suffered almost as much as they deserved. The crime doctors cleaned up. But not a fingerprint was changed, or ever has been changed.

The G-men had a case not long ago of a couple of punks named Harold Huffaker and Charles Wally, arrested for vagrancy in Bay City, Texas. Their fingerprints were forwarded to the Bureau simply as a matter of routine—and were found to have obvious signs of mutilation. Both boys were found to be violators of conditional release, and went back to serve the rest of their time for robbing the mails in 1934! All their "cleverness" had gotten them was to brand them as criminals and thus lead that much more certainly to their prompt identification. They should have known what every big-time crook does now know: that no mutilated fingerprints have ever yet fooled the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Not only can man not change his fingerprints, but neither can nature. On March 3, 1916, a burglar named Eddie Vinson escaped from the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas. On April 5, 1938, one Robert Clark was arrested on a minor charge by the police of Kansas City, Missouri. Two decades are a long time in the hard life of a crook. Robert Clark didn't look at all like Eddie Vinson. But *his fingerprints* hadn't changed. Eddie Vinson is now serving out his term at Huntsville.

Even death cannot come between a man and his fingerprints. "On June 27, 1938"—the quotes are from the actual record in the G-men's files—"the badly decomposed body of an unidentified white man was taken from the Little Sandy River near Greenup, Kentucky. Report of this fact reached the Police Department at Xenia, Ohio, where a short time previously one Elza Harness had disappeared under circumstances indicating that he might have met with foul play.

"In an effort to identify the unknown dead person as Elza Harness, the Chief of Police at Xenia, Ohio, proceeded to Greenup, Kentucky, but on viewing the body found it in such condition that a visual identification was impossible. It was, accordingly, decided to record the finger impressions of this individual and forward them to the Identification Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for search through its files.

"Difficulties here presented themselves. The outer skin was entirely missing from the right hand, while that of the left hand was loose from the flesh. Because of their shriveled condition, the fingers were removed from the right hand and soaked for forty-eight hours in a chemical solution after which the usual process of fingerprinting could be resorted to. When this process was completed it was found that a surprisingly clear set of finger impressions had been obtained although the outer skin of the fingers was missing.

"On the left hand, although the outer skin of the fingers had become loose from the flesh, it was still intact. This skin was carefully stripped from each finger and preserved in a formaldehyde solution. Later this loose skin was slipped over the fingers of an operator wearing rubber gloves and a legible set of impressions was secured. The fingerprints thus obtained were forwarded to the FBI for search through the files of the Identification Division."

The rest was easy. The body was not Harness' but that of a small-time Pennsylvania crook, Stanley Thomas, whose fingerprints were on file.

AND now for the story of how a fingerprint raised Sam Fitzgibbon—in a sense—from the dead:

Sam was a weak man, not inherently a bad one. It would be too much to say that, at the time of his resolve to kill himself, he had experienced a complete moral revulsion from his evil ways. As a matter of fact, he was with a woman not his wife almost to the moment of his intended death. We know, too, that in spite of his military proclivities he was a coward. Dying, in the abstract, may have seemed easier to face than living in the situation in which he found himself. Nevertheless, he *had* kept up his insurance. And it may be that he turned to it as the only way of assuring the future of his wife and child.

There are several details of his preparation for death which point to this conclusion. He was definite in his letter to his detective friend as to the place where he was going to jump into the river. Expectant suicides seldom trouble to be thus definite unless they hope to have their bodies recovered and identified.

He also wrote a note telling who he was, which he tied securely to one of his wrists. Furthermore, at his office he had kept a small overnight bag which many people knew to be his and which contained various

items of easily identifiable personal property. This bag he took to the railroad station and put in a locker. Then he tied the key to the locker around his other wrist.

These elaborate precautions clearly indicate that he did fully intend to commit suicide, and they at least suggest that he wished to have his body identified so as to facilitate the settlement of insurance claims.

But the coward in him got the upper hand. He went to the Ninth Street bridge, and he was about to jump when—according to his story—he remembered how many times he had swum under that bridge as a boy, and concluded that it would be practically impossible, good swimmer that he was, to drown himself.

Whereupon he went back to the station, retrieved his grip, and jumped a train for New Orleans.

As Thomas Henry Sampson, Fitzgibbon lived in New Orleans for three years, until February, 1927, working as a salesman of machine equipment. After he had been there about a year, he met and persuaded to live with him as his wife an attractive New Orleans girl named Mabel Mellish.

There was nothing in the record of Fitzgibbon-Sampson's life in the Southern city to indicate a relapse into dissipation. Even his union with Mabel Mellish, although illicit, seems to have been of the most domestic and steady sort. On January 31, 1929, she bore him his first son.

From New Orleans he and his new family went to Shreveport, Louisiana. The following year he accepted a position with a Dallas firm in the same line, but remained only three months. Thereafter he was variously employed in cities in California.

While in San Francisco, the couple's young son became seriously ill of asthma, which developed into pneumonia. Fitzgibbon-Sampson asked and received from his employer a transfer to southern California. For six and a half years thereafter, from December, 1931, to July, 1937, he represented a New York firm of

F. B. I. victories are as many as the flowers of spring! Look for another in an early issue.

grocers in a territory which included southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, and west Texas, with headquarters in Los Angeles.

In June of 1937 Mabel Mellish gave birth to a second son. Still Sampson did not marry the girl he had come to love devotedly and in whose support he labored faithfully for more than a dozen years. His explanation was that he thought he was still married to his first wife and would be a bigamist. During these twelve years—during the entire fourteen years, for that matter—Thomas Henry Sampson apparently did not meet a single person who had known him as Samuel Thorpe Fitzgibbon or could give him news from home.

EX-LAX MOVIES

Big Boy Takes a Tip!



BOB: Say, fellow... are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

JIM: Wrong, Brother! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!



BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate... but it's plenty effective!



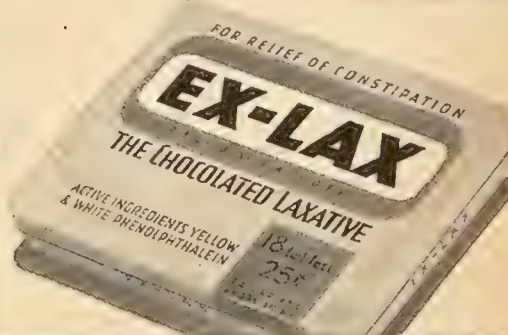
LATER

BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: Right you are! It's the *only* laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Three Smart Girls ...



and why they ride the
UNION PACIFIC

Challengers between Chicago and California

Why? Because they wish to travel economically but comfortably. Because the low rail fare and berth charges are easy on vacation money. Because they like the cheerful atmosphere of the smart Lounge Car, provided for Challenger Sleeping Car passengers. And—to top it off—three tempting meals in the attractive Dining Car cost a total of only 90¢ a day.

The Challenger also features deep-cushioned reclining chair seats for Coach passengers who wish to save berth costs. Registered Nurse-Stewardess service is available to all passengers.



The Progressive

Union Pacific
RAILROAD



ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND CHALLENGERS

W. S. BASINGER, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 780, Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send information about service to Los Angeles ☐
to San Francisco ☐ or to

(other Western points)

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

UNION PACIFIC SERVES
California-Boulder Dam
San Francisco World's Fair
Pacific Northwest
Sun Valley, Idaho
Yellowstone National Park
Dude Ranches
Colorado Rockies
Utah-Arizona National Parks

The long strain of the older boy's illness had so depleted his finances that he was in no condition to meet the blow which befell him when his newly born child likewise developed asthma. To save the boy's life, the doctors told him, he must move again—this time to Palmdale, California.

This meant giving up his good job and starting all over again. Even so, he did not hesitate to break up his life to save the child's. But jobs in Palmdale for a man of his training and experience were far between. Finally he was driven to joining the fruit pickers. Meanwhile the medical expenses piled up and up.

In a last desperate effort to carry on the fight, he committed the grave error of issuing a check for more money than he had at the time in his bank account. According to California law, this was a felony. He was arrested and, of course, fingerprinted.

Wife desertion, attempted suicide, passing rubber checks—these are matters for local authorities to handle. So the Federal Bureau of Investigation had never crossed the trail of Samuel Fitzgibbon or Thomas Sampson. In fact, he had never before been arrested. Yet, when the California officers sent Sampson's fingerprints along to Washington in the normal course of business, John Edgar Hoover knew within fifteen minutes that they were the fingerprints of the long "dead" Samuel Thorpe Fitzgibbon.

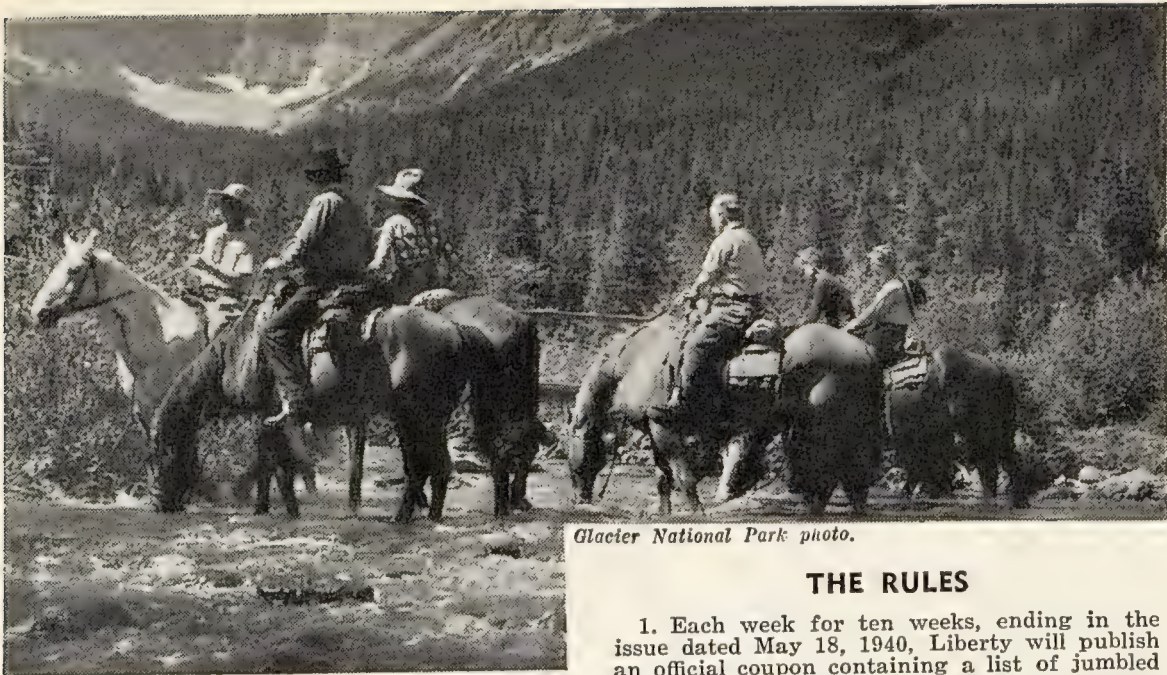
HOW? Well, not all of the fingerprints in the Washington filing cases are those of criminals. Kept quite separate is the Civil Fingerprint File, representing more than one and one half million citizens who have voluntarily had their fingerprints taken and filed with the Federal Bureau as protection against attacks of amnesia, attempts at impersonation, or failure of immediate identification in case of accident or death. Also kept separate are the fingerprints of everybody who has ever served in the United States army—among them, those of Samuel Thorpe Fitzgibbon.

And in this case Mr. Hoover was able to record, as he so seldom can, a happy ending for all concerned.

Mrs. Fitzgibbon Jones, having received her insurance money in good faith, was not required to return it. Her divorce from her first husband continued to be valid. Her elderly husband, having died, was spared even the momentary thought of being forcibly de-wifed. And Emily Louise Fitzgibbon had long since completed her education at the University of Pittsburgh and was on her own.

In California a kindly judge placed Thomas Henry Sampson on probation for three years. To secure his release, the prisoner must marry Mabel Mellish, the mother of his two sons—which Samuel Thorpe Fitzgibbon Thomas Henry Sampson forthwith promised to do—and did!

THE END



Glacier National Park photo.

Explore Vacationland with a Liberty Prize

THIS is the fifth week of Liberty's cash-prize vacation game. You can enter direct from this page if you are not already competing. Be sure that you save all coupons until the end of the contest and then enter them as a unit, together with the brief statement required by Rule 3. The Rules explain everything you need to know in order to win. Possessed of this information, the game becomes a test of your knowledge of vacationland and a test of your skill at word building.

If you have not solved the four earlier sets of jumbles, you can obtain reprints of Coupons 1 to 4 by sending five cents in stamps to the contest address in Rule 6 to cover cost of handling and mailing. Coupon 6 will be published next week.

Plan to explore vacationland with a Liberty travel prize this year. You may win your greatest vacation ever.

Santa Fe Ry. photo.



Washington State Advtg. Agency photo.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOU LIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOU LIN.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a \$500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded \$100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded \$5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

No. 5—USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	Solution
1. DARAREHOW	
2. EHENCENY	
3. DOKIKA	
4. TWIKROYCEYN	
5. LEANKOW	
6. EVILASHEL	
7. SHUNREBEL	
8. TELSNO CRAH	
9. BUMHATCLARA	
10. HAHANENODS	

see Yellowstone

at lowest cost in history!



also visit

Cattle Ranches
Morrison Cave
Ghost Towns

in the Montana Rockies



Tour costs in Yellowstone are reduced. Yet you see all the highlights of the Park including geyser basins, Old Faithful, mountain-girdled Yellowstone Lake and the Grand Canyon with its thundering waterfalls.

Also happy days in the Montana Rockies

Enjoy new thrills every hour here at Gallatin Gateway Inn. Your stay includes visiting historic "ghost towns" of gold rush and vigilante days... exploring newly discovered Morrison Cave... fishing racing mountain streams... riding the range with honest-to-goodness cowboys. It's all a part of your Yellowstone vacation via The Milwaukee Road.

Go on the OLYMPIAN

Extra luxury without extra cost on this great train. See Indian ceremonials at Mobridge. Enjoy the electrified ride through beautiful Montana Canyon from open observation cars.

Get the facts about this new kind of low cost vacation. Write today for free literature.

F. N. HICKS, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 815, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

INITIATION

A TRUE SHORT SHORT

BY BURTON RASCOE

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SCOTTY always has to clean out the bowl of his pipe with a jackknife before he can make a decision or even answer a plain yes or no. If he gouges around in the bowl a long time, it means he has dug around in his memory and dredged up something that always begins, "Did I ever tell you about the time—"

He did it when we were out at Charlie Hawk's cabin in the Kiamichi Mountains. We had just put away the dinner dishes and Charlie had got out the cards for our nightly session of penny-ante poker.

Charlie and I drew up our chairs to the table and waited. Scotty closed his jackknife, filled his pipe, lighted it, and started aimlessly shuffling the cards. He said:

"It was about the time when we was down in San Antone. You got to remember that all through the fracas our cavalry troop had a different sort of status from any other outfit in the service. We had all signed up with the understanding that we wasn't going to have none of that West Point folderol and not a lot of unnecessary drilling to harden us up. We was plenty tough as it was. I don't mean we was mean or bad. We didn't mind getting likkered up now and then and raising a little Cain. But we wasn't mean. We was just hardened up from working and living out in the open. Ranchers, cow hands, blacksmiths, peace officers, and so on.

"Well, they kept us down there in barracks a long time and give us some horses to ride and get acquainted with, except there was one mustang in the bunch that was pretty danged hard to get acquainted with. I never seen a meaner horse in my life. He threw the best bronc buster in the outfit so hard and so fast he crippled that cow hand up something terrible.

"Well, we was getting pretty restless, just sitting around waiting for orders. We didn't have anything to do except gripe about something. And I'm telling you we griped plenty. First we gripes about what we hears we ain't going to elect no boss of our outfit from out amongst ourselves like we thought we would but was going to be bossed by some bird that was coming down from New York. To make matters worse, the rumor got around that this bird was a danged flatfoot. We was plenty sore.

"Well, then one day a lot of crates of rifles arrived and we was told to line up and get them rationed out to us. A West Point shavetail and a coupla regular army top sergeants was temporarily running things.

"Jake Amorine, from Perry, Oklahoma, was standing there alongside when the first case was opened. Jake was as strong as an ox and he knew guns. He picked one of them rifles up and he could tell by the looks and feel of it that it was no damned good. They was those old Krag's. They was a tree right behind Jake and he turned around, and danged if he didn't wham the rifle against that tree and wrap the barrel around it.

"They put him under arrest right away, of course. Serious offense, destroying United States property.

"Well, they was leading Jake off to the guardhouse, when Bill Alexander yelled, 'Wait a minute, I'm coming with you!' And darned if Bill didn't grab him one of them guns and wham it against the tree.

"They was leading Jake and Bill away, when a short stocky man with the queerest-looking duds on you ever saw, and wearing goggles—we called specs goggles—came up out of nowhere and shoved his way through the crowd. He yelled, 'Release those men! Come here!' Not until then did we look to notice that he rated a salute.

"Well, they came up and this little cock sparrow asked Jake what was the explanation of his conduct. Jake looked him straight in the eye, mad-like, and says, 'I ain't going to fight no war with no damned firecrackers, not for you nor nobody else, mister.'

"I nearly fell over when I heard Jake say that. But danged if that little cock sparrow didn't put out his hand and shake Jake's hand and then Bill's. Then he said, 'You're the kind of men I want in this outfit, men who know guns and have guts enough to say so. You're released. Charges dismissed. At ease.'

"Not until then did it dawn on us that this was the new boss of the outfit, the guy that was supposed to be a New York flatfoot. He told the shavetail to have them Krag's shipped back where they came from.

"Then he said he would like to take a look at the horses. We followed him over to the corral. He stood there looking at them for a few minutes and then asked one of the boys if they wouldn't fetch him a bridle and saddle. When they came he took the bridle, and I'm a son of a gun if he didn't make right for that mean mustang I was telling you about.



"This bird went up to the mustang and bridled him. Then he did something that made us know right now that he was no flatfoot. He untied the bandanna handkerchief around his neck and blindfolded the horse. Any good cowboy knows if you blindfold a wild horse or a mean horse so he can't see anything whilst you saddle and mount him, he will stand still.

"Well, four-eyes blindfolds the horse and then somebody runs out there with the saddle and blanket and saddles him. Four-eyes mounts him and leans over and snatches the handkerchief away.

"Well, I'm telling you I've seen some bucking in my time and some riding, too; but I never seen no meaner bucking and no better riding than that. Four-eyes not only stuck on; he rode that mustang out of the buck and gave him the gaff and rode hell out of him. When it was plain the horse had had enough, four-eyes threw the reins over the mustang's head and dismounted and the horse just stood there. We knew already that that guy was no New York flatfoot; he knew horses and, what's more, we was ready to follow him through hell and high water from then on. Jake and Bill wanted to go up to him to apologize, and they asked me to go along as spokesman.

"We all saluted and I hemmed and hawed and said we all wanted to apologize. The new boss acted like he didn't know what we was apologizing for; and that made us pretty embarrassed because we didn't know either. Then I said, 'Sir, we didn't exactly maybe get your name just right. Are you Colonel Rosenfeld?'

"He smiled and showed a lot of big white teeth and said, 'You can call me that if you like. The name is Roosevelt. But I imagine you all will soon be calling me Teddy, at least behind my back. I hope so.'

THE END



Armed with clubs, we had to make a run for it down the railroad tracks, dodging rocks.

I was a **HITLER AGENT** **IN THE U. S. A.**

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A synopsis of the preceding installment of this series will be found on the next page.

PART THREE—A LETTER TO HITLER ... AND A WARNING

THE material I had furnished the managing editor of the Daily Worker appeared in the form of articles written under his own name.

One of these was an "inside story" which even managed to name some of my actual superiors. The other was a "private and exclusive" interview in which editor Casey described how I, a Nazi agent, supposedly in mortal fear of being shanghaied aboard a Berlin-bound steamer to be put into a Nazi concentration camp, had come to his office trembling and crying.

Casey wrote: "As early as last Saturday, this writer knew Paffrath was being trailed." The last Saturday had been February 15, 1936, in the evening of which I had been "kidnaped" from the Deutschland.

The articles were written in a violently melodramatic and anti-Nazi vein. Soon after their publication, I was approached by a man employed as an investigator by Dickstein.

I had already called at the office of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and the headquarters of a Jewish youth movement. At the latter I had left certain carefully chosen anti-Nazi documents for an exposition they were holding. And at both I had left an address where any one interested would have little difficulty in locating me.

Dickstein's investigator, a Mr. Richard Rowllins, apparently had followed this easy trail. He told me Mr. Dickstein himself was anxious to have a talk with me at his New York office at 70 Pine Street.

Here, within my reach, was the goal that had been set for me by Herr Rich. But I did not grab for it. I said I would not go to Mr. Dickstein's office. I offered to meet him at a "neutral" rendezvous.

A meeting at, ironically enough, a midtown restaurant named the Versailles was arranged for.

As a result of that meeting, I went to work for Mr. Dickstein on an expense account and an additional daily amount from the anti-Nazi boycott organization.

Of course, the first thing he wanted of me was all available information. I gave him plenty—but it was the cautiously selected stuff that I had been ordered, by Herr Rich, to give him. There was nothing faked about it, but it could have been obtained as easily from trade guides and Nazi newspapers, by sending an investigator to any of our meetings, by taking a stroll on any incoming German ship, by listening to German programs on local radio stations, or by spending an afternoon in any of the Bund camps.

Friends of the New Germany had by now become the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund, or German-American Bund, under the leadership of Fritz Kuhn. Under instructions from Congressman Dickstein, I attended some of their meetings in Yorkville. They were violently anti-Semitic, with Mr. Dickstein as their chief target.

After a meeting, I would go to his office and tell him, verbatim, some of

**Spies, sabotage — An amazing disclosure
of sinister Nazi plots within our gates**

BY JOACHIM F. PAFFRATH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

MOVING 200,000 TRAINS MEANS HEADACHES!

SAYS
TRAINMASTER
OFFERMAN
OF GRAND CENTRAL
TERMINAL, N. Y.

"I MUST HAVE
A CLEAR HEAD,
STEADY NERVES!"

"I ALWAYS
TAKE
BROMO-
SELTZER FOR
HEADACHE"

**BROMO-SELTZER
GIVES ME MORE
ALL-ROUND RELIEF**

Why Bromo-Seltzer does more than a simple pain reliever: For frequent or persistent headaches, see your doctor. But for ordinary headaches—these may be NERVOUS or DIGESTIVE—Bromo-Seltzer does *more* than simple pain relievers can. It does all this:

1. RELIEVES PAIN—quickly, pleasantly
2. CALMS NERVES—relaxes the tension
3. SETTLES UPSET STOMACH

Take Bromo-Seltzer according to directions on the label. For over 50 years, millions have relied on it! At drug-stores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too!

**BROMO-
SELTZER**



the insults that had been hurled at him. They would enrage him and I would endeavor, carefully, to prod him into filing a libel suit against some Bund speaker.

My superiors felt that many of the charges Dickstein made against the Bund and its officers were not entirely substantiated by concrete proof. However, as a representative of the United States government, there might be difficulty in suing him. If

almost overnight. So did the former lieutenant. The baker sold out and vanished with his wife and child.

Whether they simply fled, or whether they were put aboard German ships and sent to the living hell of a concentration camp, I do not know.

Incidentally, the baker was a close friend and neighbor of Richard Mettin, the man ordered by my superiors at the time of my "kidnaping" to dis-

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

the author of this series told how, in 1933, Heinz Spanknoebel lost his place as Hitler's chief agent in the United States, became a fugitive from justice, and escaped to Germany. Berlin replaced Spanknoebel with a craftier chief agent whom Paffrath is calling Herr Rich, and who, he says, is still directing Nazi propaganda over here, though now under American surveillance. Arriving, Rich enabled Paffrath to become head of the German-American Business League in order to make it violently pro-Nazi.

In time, Friends of the New Germany was denounced as a Nazi Party section by Representative Samuel Dickstein, whose Congressional investigation preceded the Dies Committee's. It was plain that his investigators had information from disloyal Nazis, and Rich ordered Paffrath to discredit himself in Nazi eyes, with a view to finding out who the informers were. The discrediting process involved his appearing to have misappropriated League funds, to have tried to abscond to Germany, and to have been lawfully dissuaded, and his making an absurd charge of kidnaping. It went through as planned; but, to be sure of convincing Dickstein's headquarters and

worming his way in, he had also to get published, obviously as coming from him, a phony exposé of Nazi activities.

Paffrath took the manuscript to the office of the Daily Worker, America's loudest Communist newspaper. Upon his showing his credentials from Rich, the managing editor, James Casey, said, "I know all about it," and promised immediate publication.

This was early in 1936. Surprising as it may seem that a Stalinite paper should have cooperated in a Hitlerite plot then, Paffrath accounts for it with the following affirmations: A Hitler-Stalin mutual assistance pact was signed as long ago as 1935. Nazi evidence, mostly faked, had led to Stalin's purges of Russia's industrial and military leaders, and Hitler had promptly supplied Russia with German ones. In America, Stalinite orders to Reds now come from the New York Nazi headquarters, and the Red element in American labor unions is now really under Gestapo leadership.

And Paffrath says he has authoritative information from a high Nazi Party official that when Hitler attacks England it will be largely with Russian troops trained by Germans.

he could be made angry enough to sue us, my superiors felt that they might possibly ridicule or discredit him in open court.

But, although I once had him nearly convinced that he should sue a Bund officer, he never got quite to the point of doing it.

Since I virtually had the run of Mr. Dickstein's office, it was easy to learn the sources of his information. Herr Rich had told me:

"There is one man I particularly want to find out about. He was once one of our chief Nazi agents. We suspect that he is an informer not only for Dickstein but for higher-ups in other countries."

Herr Rich carefully described the man to me. Sure enough, he came into Dickstein's office one day with some information. I turned his name in, with those of about twelve other spies, to Herr Rich. One of Dickstein's spies was the former editor of a pro-Nazi paper; another was a former lieutenant in the German Army, then employed in America as a shipping clerk; another was a baker in one of New York's five boroughs. Still another whose name I turned in proved to be, like myself, a Nazi who had wormed into Dickstein's office to get a line on his sources of information and to furnish him misleading information.

One by one, most of the spies I uncovered as working for Dickstein vanished. The first man disappeared

cover discrepancies in my accounts. He could not. He was ordered to try again. Again he reported failure. He was almost hysterical. We were puzzled until we found that Mettin harbored the impression that I was a member of the Nazi Party's dread Uschla, the secret tribunal that, disregarding the laws of any country in which it operates, awards and dispenses punishment to disloyal Nazis.

We had to let Mettin in on the fact that he was supposed to find irregularities in my accounts, even though such irregularities did not exist.

Last year, when Commissioner of Accounts William Herlands began to check Mettin's Bund records, Mettin became ill. Within two days he died. His body was immediately cremated and the ashes were sent to Germany. Commissioner Herlands at the time instituted an investigation into Mettin's death and cremation. So far, no solution has been announced.

While I was working in Dickstein's office, Herr Rich arranged a code whereby I would recognize any person or information sent there by him. Since Dickstein had given me full permission to evaluate any stuff that came in, the arrangement was fool-proof.

Except that I forgot my orders!

Into Dickstein's office one day came a weazened little man in his seventies. He was Jewish and looked it. He had come to the United States on a visitor's pass. He was trying to peddle

some anti-Nazi information, he said. Dickstein told me to look at his stuff. His papers were yellow with age—World War stuff. Another chiseler, I decided.

"We can't use this junk," I told him.

"I have more," he said.

"Not interested."

"You'll be sorry," he told me quietly.

"We can't go to Washington with all this 1914 stuff," I said.

He picked up his papers, eyed me sharply. "And I say again that you'll be sorry."

He turned and walked out. I shrugged. Another crackpot. I thought no more of the incident.

Less than a week later I went downtown to the firm of Black & White to report to Mr. Black, temporarily designated as my superior during the absence of Herr Rich. Sitting in that office was the selfsame little gray-haired Jew. He looked at me with a wry expression. "I told you you would be sorry," he said.

Mr. Black gave me a verbal shaking in his private office.

"Can't you follow instructions? We wanted this man in the good graces of Dickstein's office. We send him in with his papers—and the top one contains a coded message for your guidance. And you throw him out."

The little fellow I had "thrown out" was one of Nazi Germany's most trusted agents and a member of the Gestapo. And he was a Jew! The

only Jewish Nazi agent, to my knowledge, in the world.

Eventually Congressman Dickstein's appropriations ran out. The activities of his committee lapsed into semiobscurity. And we were to learn something that, I think, will be as astonishing to him as it was to us:

Congressman Dickstein and his committee to investigate un-American activities actually was the best publicity agent the German-American Bund ever had. When his investigation was going strong, the fighting spirit of the pro-Nazis in America was strong; recruiting new members was easy. When the Dickstein investigations lapsed, Nazi meetings were poorly attended, the treasury wilted, the pro-Nazi newspapers lost subscribers, and the Bund camps lost followers.

Congressman Dickstein and a few of his colleagues began a move for new appropriations to continue the investigations. Radio time was granted him. He called me in. I, then a Nazi agent, drafted notes for the speech he delivered—an exposé and condemnation of Nazi activities in America. New appropriations were granted, but a new committee took over under the leadership of Representative Martin Dies.

Neither the Dickstein nor the Dies committee has effectively handled the secret activities of the Nazis. True, the latter has played havoc with the Bund. But the Bund has been little more at any time than a straw

man set up to draw the attention of investigators away from the undercover work of a small group of rigidly trained Gestapo agents. It would be at the hands of these clever men, rather than from the stormy comic-opera Bund, that the United States would receive a body blow should she enter the war on the side of the Allies.

Herr Rich had returned from Germany on his third trip to that country. He summoned me one day to his office. "Paffrath," he asked, "do you have any political connections?"

I mentioned three men I knew who stood high in the Democratic Party in New York State. The Landon-Roosevelt campaign had just got under way.

"I want you to seek employment," he said, "with the Democratic organization here in New York. As a voluntary worker, if necessary. But attach yourself somehow.

"There are two reasons for this assignment. One is to learn who some of the German political leaders are. If we can get them under our thumb, they will form the nucleus of an emergency organization for the Nazi Party.

"Second, you will help line up Nazi organizations. You will dangle their possible support in front of the Democrats. For certain appointments to be made after the elections, if the Democrats win, we will offer our support and our votes. We need more Germans—pro-Nazi Germans—in key political positions here in America."

On July 15, 1936, I filed my appli-

SO THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T GET THE JOB!



"GOOD APPEARANCE, ABILITY AND EXPERIENCE OKAY, BUT CANNOT RECOMMEND HIM BECAUSE OF..." SO THAT'S WHY POOR DON LOST OUT... **BAD BREATH!**



THAT NOON

AND DON, I THINK YOU MIGHT STILL HAVE A CHANCE AT THE JOB IF-- WELL, WON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST?

YOU BET I WILL, KAY!



DON SEES HIS DENTIST

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

KAY? LISTEN, HONEY, I GOT THE JOB! AND GUESS WHAT IT PAYS! SA-AY! NOW WE CAN AFFORD TO GET MARRIED!



BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

LEG STIFF as a poker *after first spring exercise?*

It's FATIGUE ACIDS in your MUSCLES!

Any kind of unusual exercise builds up an excess of fatigue acids in your muscles. Then the muscle swells inside its sheath and it hurts!

Here's help! Douse Absorbine Jr. over those sore muscles 3 or 4 times a day. Laboratory tests prove it quickens the flow of blood through the tissues—to carry off those acids. Millions like Absorbine Jr. because it's

1. QUICK ACTING
2. QUICK DRYING
3. PLEASANT
4. ECONOMICAL

At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. FREE sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360G Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also
for relieving
Athlete's Foot,
Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

HEADACHES

Relieve Pain with FAST ACTING
Salicon Tablets 25c

NO ACETANILID
NO ACETPHENETIDIN
NO OTHER HARSH DRUGS

cation with the National Democratic Committee at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City and began working there for the re-election of Franklin D. Roosevelt. My job simmered down to learning the possible strength of German-Americans behind Mr. Roosevelt and to furnishing my superiors with the names of German-American political workers and those of other nationalities.

I was in an easy position, for my duties were with the radio division: to select speakers for rallies, write speeches, make recordings, and edit German-language political broadcasts. I did a gigantic job of copying. I had access to the records of political workers of all nationalities, and sometimes I worked as much as eighteen hours a day making lists for Herr Rich.

I was still in the bad graces of the Nazi organizations, who believed me a traitor. I did nothing to disillusion them. While with the Democratic Committee, I even posed in a group picture whose most prominent subject was New York State's Jewish governor, Herbert Lehman.

The Nazi Party in America, during the 1936 campaign, was not without representation among the Republicans, either. One of the men who campaigned via the radio for the Republicans, officially or by unofficial attachment, was a Nazi in good standing who subsequently was exposed as an active German spy—Dr. Ignatz T. Griebel.

Griebel, who was a member of the Advisory Committee of the German Division of the Republican State Committee, was exposed when over the radio he made a number of anti-Semitic statements.

THAT same year brought me an assignment whose objective was far more sinister.

"I want you to join a union," Herr Rich told me. "Learn a trade, if necessary, but become a union man, and, from union leaders, learn who the principal strikebreakers are—the mortal foes of unionism. My orders from Germany are to obtain as many names as possible of rowdies, strong-arm men, ex-convicts—any one willing to engage in dangerous work that may mean physical violence—of course, for good pay. You have one month in which to make a connection."

A list of such men in the hands of a foreign government could mean only one thing—a prospective army of saboteurs. And that, Herr Rich assured me, was exactly what my assignment did mean.

This swing away from the more quiet field of propaganda alarmed me somewhat. Further, I knew no trade, had no contacts by which to make my way into a union. Three weeks of the month I was given sped by, and I was no nearer my goal than on the first day. And then, purely by chance, I arrived.

I ran into a cousin of mine who conducted a restaurant. One night he

introduced me to a man who for seven years had been a regular patron of it. That man was Pearl Bergoff, king of the strikebreakers in America.

The meeting, I must repeat, was by sheer accident. I told Bergoff something of my strikebreaking experiences in Germany. He seemed impressed. Before the evening was over I had persuaded him to let me go to work for him. In his office the next day, I signed a contract.

The Remington Rand, Inc., strike was then dragging along at Ilion, New York. The strikebreaking headquarters were at near-by Herkimer.

There were between fifty and sixty strikebreakers there, and I arrived in time for a meeting. To my surprise, it had been called to discuss ways and means of further prolonging the strike—and the wages of fifteen dollars a day we were being paid.

NOT being myself concerned about prolonging it, after the meeting I went to company officials and broached a plan that had been very successful in Germany.

"Get a rumor started," I suggested, "that you are going to move your plants out of New York State into Canada. Meanwhile I'll have some of the men call on the business men in Ilion and see that they hear of the rumors. Since they depend for a living upon the people employed by your company, they'll soon bring pressure on the union heads themselves."

My suggestion was adopted. It was not immediately successful. We followed it up, however, by sending a number of millwrights into the plant. They began to dismantle some of the machinery. A "For Rent" sign was placed on the building. A number of truckloads of machinery were driven out of the plant. The strikers became alarmed. Within five days the strike was broken.

Our "missionary work"—as Bergoff later described it before the National Labor Relations Board—completed, we moved to Middletown, Connecticut, where another Remington Rand plant was having a strike. I had already obtained for Herr Rich an initial list of professional strikebreakers—their names, addresses, trades, and other qualifications.

When and if the United States enters a war, the ranks of tough and willing professional strikebreakers are going to prove a fertile field for any enemy which is intent upon hiring saboteurs. Approximately one tenth of these strong-arm specialists have, like Sam (Chowderhead Cohen) Harris, a certain degree of acquaintance with the police. Pearl Bergoff is credited with once having boasted that he had a list of 400,000 men who could be summoned within the space of a few hours. His interest in these men was purely in the field of strikebreaking. But if a hostile foreign nation could accumulate a similar list only one tenth as long, it is easy to envision the damage that could be done by a trained army of 40,000 saboteurs.

At Middletown, the news of our breaking the Ilion strike had preceded us. Here the sympathies of the populace were against, not with us. I hired buses, asked for state and local police escorts (which were furnished), and rode directly to the Middletown plant. The strikers were furious, and we found ourselves in the plant, unable to get out. When we began boarding up the windows and putting up signs announcing the removal of the plant to Canada, a riot seemed certain.

Through sound trucks and a local radio station we arranged to meet and confer with the strikers' union representative at the gates. I convinced him that the plant was to be removed, that he was licked. He took word back to the strikers, who capitulated. And then I double-crossed him. I sent men out through the town. They sneered at the scared strikers.

"You had the whole situation in your vest pocket," they said. "The plant was ready to give you what you wanted. But your leader," they lied, "sold you out just when you had won the strike. You're a bunch of dopes."

The poor union leader was run out of town by the angry strikers. Then they scented a double cross and turned their anger on us. We were still in the factory. State police protection had been withdrawn. Armed with clubs, we had to make a run for it down the railroad tracks through the center of town, dodging rocks. Chowderhead Cohen led our flying wedge. We got safely out of town. Another strike had been smashed.

And Herr Rich received from me a new list of men. He was pleased with my work. He gave me a bonus of \$200.

BUT if he was pleased, I was not. I did not relish the new trend of my assignments. And he wanted the names of still more potential saboteurs to take back with him on his next trip to Germany. He had a plan that might have been the fantastic concoction of a Heinz Spanknoebel. It required me to have myself committed to a state institution for the insane!

"There are," he explained, "tens of thousands of mental cases in America. Some are hopelessly insane, and thus useless for our purposes. We're interested in those who have been committed and have later been released as cured. We can use a list of such persons, men and women, who will do the bidding of a stronger will and intellect than their own. Not only are they perfect tools for sabotage, but if they are apprehended, they cannot testify in a court of law against those who employ them."

Orders were orders. I stole two blank checks from Dickstein's office and forged his signature on them. I filled them in for small amounts, so that I would not be guilty of grand larceny. At a little shop I cashed one of them for ten dollars.

Then I immediately went to an up-town police station and told what I

had done. I showed them the second, uncashed, forged check. I pretended to be hysterical. I told them I had forged the checks to convince my Nazi enemies that I was not an agent of Dickstein.

I had hoped the police would decide that I was mentally unbalanced and would have put me in an institution. Instead, they merely laughed at me and told me to take the uncashed check back to Dickstein. I didn't. I went to Bellevue Hospital instead. There, too, they laughed and gave me the same advice. "You're upset," they said, "but nothing is seriously wrong with you."

I boarded a bus for Orangeburg, New York, where the Rockland State Hospital for the Insane is. There at last I found a sympathetic doctor and succeeded in having myself committed for a check-up.

THE following month was the most miserable of my life. It seemed that almost every day I got an injection. My arms and chest were swollen. I disliked the food. But within a few days I succeeded in getting myself put into a ward of patients who were about to be paroled. The files for that ward were handy. I obtained a typewriter on the plea that I wanted to keep myself occupied.

I helped myself to the file cards. No one paid any attention to me. In my ward and the ward next door, I took cards from the file, studied case histories, made a careful selection of fifty-seven patients, and typed out complete reports on them for Herr Rich. The reports were forwarded to him. I was ready to leave, but found that I was required by law to remain for thirty days. I was finally discharged on September 9, 1937.

I had done my job, but my nerves and stomach had been nearly wrecked in the process. I told a New York newspaper the story of my experience. A few weeks later one of its reporters, Allen Bernard, was assigned to have himself committed, to investigate asylum conditions. He came out of that same asylum so nerve-racked that he had to go to a private sanatorium for a rest before writing his account of his experiences.

I begged Herr Rich for easier assignments. And I asked for more pay. He promised both.

"You've been doing good work, Paffrath," he said. "Take a month's vacation, then report back to me."

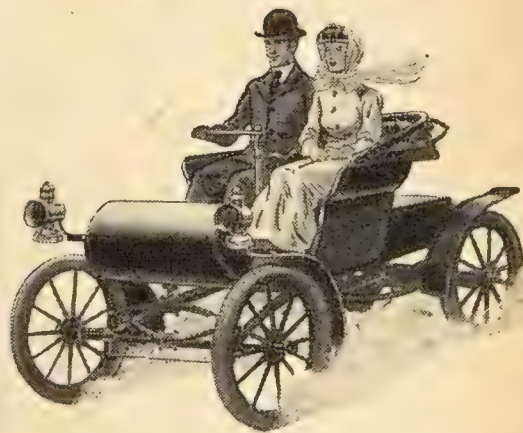
I never saw Herr Rich again.

Even as I left him that afternoon, I think I realized dimly what I intended to do. And my half-formed plan was one that would put my very life in jeopardy.

I planned to tender my resignation as a Hitler agent in the United States!

Why? For a number of reasons. Not only had the nature of my work been changed dangerously, but I stood in danger of losing my citizenship. I did not want to. For all my betrayal of America, it had been my adopted home for years. Nowhere

You wouldn't drive a 1902 car



But do you shave
with a razor
JUST AS OUT OF DATE?

THE GREATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN SAFETY RAZOR DESIGN IN MORE THAN 35 YEARS ARE FOUND IN THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR.



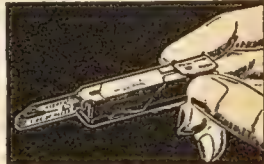
1. Blade Corner Guards ... among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners.



2. Solid Guide Bar ... Schick Injector perfected solid "toothless" guide bar to control skin "action" in front of blade edge; avoids nicks, scratches by flattening skin. You can even shave against the grain.



3. Oil-Sealed Blades ... Schick Blades are sealed in this metal Injector cartridge in a bath of oil. Keen edges suspended in space. Nothing can rub or dull them. You buy blades 20 or 12 at a time.



4. Automatic Blade Change ... A pull and push on Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble. Saves valuable time every day you shave.

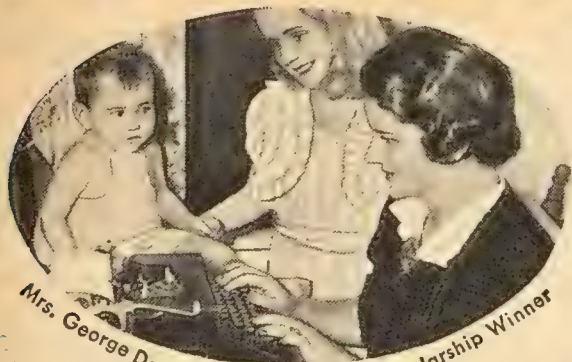


THE
"POPULARITY"
KIT \$1.00

Smart, pigskin-grain case contains Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades. 20-year razor guarantee stamped in bottom of every Kit. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

Same prices now prevail in Canada

MOTHER WINS \$1400 WITH HELP OF CORONA



★ Newspapers told this story last
★ year. But thousands of other stories
★ you never hear . . . of children as-
★ sisted in school and college, of men
★ and women getting ahead, doing
★ more, with the aid of these fast,
★ sturdy, efficient portables.
★ Corona is easy to pay for . . . only
★ \$1.00 a week, plus small down pay-
★ ment. Five models to choose from,
★ each "tops" in its price class.

★ **EVERY HOME**
★ **SHOULD OWN A CORONA**
★ **PORTABLE TYPEWRITER**

★ L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc
★ Desk 4, 135 Almond Street, Syracuse, N.Y.
★ Send me free booklet showing 3 Speedline
★ Corona Models and \$1.00 a week terms.

★ Name _____
★ Address _____
★ City _____ State _____

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

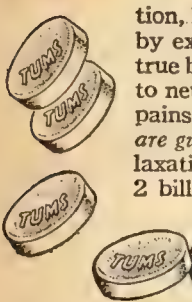


Here's Amazing Relief For Acid Indigestion





YES—TUMS bring amazing
quick relief from indiges-
tion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused
by excess acid. For TUMS work on the
true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast
to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid
pains are relieved almost at once. **TUMS**
are guaranteed to contain no soda. Are not
laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over
2 billion TUMS already used—proving
their amazing benefit. Get
TUMS today. Only 10¢ for
12 TUMS at all druggists.
You never know when or where

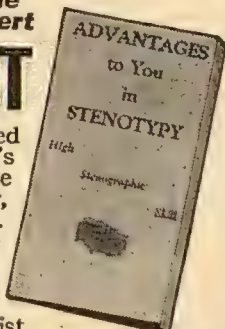


SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS and TYPISTS —Become an Expert

STENOTYPIST

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier — and you get the credit. Progressive executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation. Stenotypy is easy to learn — easy to write — easy to read. You can now become a Stenotypist in your spare time — at low cost and on convenient terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Advantages to You in Stenotypy," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY
Dept. 431-ST 4101 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



had I enjoyed greater freedom or opportunity.

Conversely, my affection for Nazi Germany was cooling. For some time now the Nazi movement had been veering perceptibly to the left. Honest men who, like myself, had been loyal to the earlier concepts of Nazism, were faring badly. One of these had been a neighbor of mine in my home town in Germany. A middle-aged man, he had given up a lucrative business and turned over all his money to Hitler. He was honored by the party; was to have been placed in a public office.

All of this came to me in letters from friends in my home town. Then, suddenly, they no longer mentioned Wilhelm G—. I didn't realize that they were afraid to; didn't realize that he, an honest man, had been fool enough to criticize openly the leftist tendencies of the Nazi Party. In my own letters to Germany I kept asking for news of him. I received no information until one day Herr Rich, back from Europe, sent for me.

"Why do you seek information you don't need?" he asked. His voice and eyes were hard.

"I don't," I replied, wondering what he meant.

"You have been."

"I don't understand."

"Wilhelm G—!"

"He was a very dear friend and neighbor."

"You know something is wrong."

"No."

"Well, it's no affair of yours. Don't ask any more questions in your letters."

I NEEDED to ask no more questions after that. I knew what had happened to Wilhelm G—. The poor devil had been sent to a concentration camp, his wife and three children left to shift for themselves.

All these things went through my mind. I was sick of my future as a Nazi in either America or Germany. I had no stomach for what I knew lay ahead. It was conceivable that I might even be appointed a member of the Gestapo in America. Gestapo members all are drawn from the ranks of the first 10,000 members of the Nazi Party. And I had been Number 699. As a Gestapo member, I could reject no assignment. Assassination might be part of my work.

I was only thirty-four years old at this time. And I had met a girl. She was intensely patriotic, a true American. I would like to say that I absorbed from her all of her intense love for my new country; that that was the reason I decided to resign.

There would be a degree of truth in it. She did influence me. But that was not all. I was sick—sick as a dog of the dirty work. And I was afraid.

I was young. I wanted things I had never had—for one thing, nerves that would not shudder at a stranger's touch upon my shoulder.

I wished, in that moment, that I could have confided my feelings and

intentions to my dearest and trusted Nazi friend, Walter Kappe. But Walter had sailed some weeks earlier for Germany. And I could trust no other member of the Nazi Party in America.

I sat down and wrote a letter with great care. It read: "I herewith resign all affiliations of the NASDP [Nazi Party] effective today. My membership number is 699, accepted by yourself. Copy of this letter has been mailed to the Secretary of the Party, Rudolph Hess."

This letter I addressed to Adolf Hitler, and at the same time I tore up my membership card with his signature.

I mailed the letter, and received no reply, no acknowledgment. I moved to a different end of the city. I disguised myself in dark glasses and a turned-down hat. I avoided public places.

I hoped that Walter Kappe, ardent Nazi though he was, would understand about my resignation; would, for the sake of a friendship that had made us bunkmates when we were mere youngsters, sympathize—and forgive.

AND then one night, as I sat listening to the short-wave broadcast from Station DJB of Berlin, I received an answer—a bitter answer—to my letter. The voice of the announcer said in clipped, scornful words:

"One of our oldest members has turned traitor. So beloved was this member at one time that we could not at first believe the reports coming from the United States that Joachim Ferdinand Paffrath had teamed up with the pro-British Jewry in New York. We checked and rechecked his family tree, to find out that Paffrath is not purely Aryan. On his mother's side the family is impure through infiltration of Jewish blood from Spain dating back to the thirteenth century. Legally he is an Aryan, but his conduct has brushed aside the law.

"Paffrath is herewith declared non-Aryan and, of course, no longer a member of the NASDP."

I did not mind being read out of the party, or the untruth about my ancestry. Both might have been expected. But the voice! That was the unbelievable thing! That twisted the knife in the wound!

For the voice that, shaking with rage, had read me out of the party, was the voice of Walter Kappe.

And suddenly, alone in the little room that was my hide-out, I felt cold and afraid.

Just how does Hitler hope to paralyze us if we enter the war against him? Just what is the "new weapon" he has spoken of so ominously? Read Paffrath's culminating disclosures in Liberty next week! He will tell you also how he has been hounded since getting out of Hitler's service, and what moved him to give information to the United States government.

CALAMITY'S CHILDREN

Arrestingly, the movies ponder some tragic problems of life when it begins

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ THE FIGHT FOR LIFE

THE PLAYERS: Myron McCormick, Storrs Haynes, Will Geer, Dudley Digges, Dorothy Adams, Dorothy Urban, Effie Anderson. Written, directed, and produced by Pare Lorentz. Adapted from *The Fight for Life* by Paul de Kruif. Produced by United States Film Service. Running time, 68 minutes.

PARE LORENTZ, the author and director of those documentary films, *The River*, and *The Plow that Broke the Plains*, has turned to the problems of childbirth in the slums. Here he uses for the basis of his thesis the maternal-welfare chapters of Paul de Kruif's *The Fight for Life*. In translating fact into film, Lorentz attains a tremendously effective celluloid document as he shows young doctors going about the business of bringing life into the world, battling to save babies and mothers in the midst of squalor and poverty—and constantly asking themselves "Why?" They can only hope. Perhaps, they tell themselves, there is really a design to it all.

The film is singularly arresting, in its final chapter emotionally compelling to the nth degree, although it isn't popular entertainment, of course. Lorentz's direction is excellent; the music of Louis Gruenberg, with the beat of the human heart as its motif, is superb; the acting of several of the players — Dorothy Adams as the young mother and Myron McCormick as the interne—has the power of truth.

Obstetrical reality—for students of films, medicine, and life.

VITAL STATISTICS: Pare Lorentz hails from West Virginia, was educated at the University of West Virginia. . . . Composer Louis Gruenberg is best known for his *Emperor Jones* music. . . . Myron McCormick caught Pare Lorentz's attention in *One Third of a Nation*. Born in Albany, Indiana, attended Princeton, appeared there in Triangle productions with Jimmie Stewart. . . . Dorothy Adams was in *Ninotchka* and *Calling Dr. Kildare*. . . . Dorothy Urban, who plays the grandmother, was born in Ireland. When she first came to America she appeared in Peck's *Bad Boy*. . . . Will Geer, who does one of the doctors, has been playing Jeeter Lester in *Tobacco Road*. Once headed a group of ballad singers and actors who toured remote sections of New England and the Middle West. . . . Storrs Haynes is a native New Yorker; first worked in Connecticut summer theaters, put in one summer with the now famous Barter Theater at Abingdon, Virginia. This is his first film.

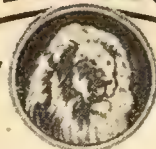
★ ★ ★ BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Jack Benny, Eddie Anderson, Ellen Drew, Phil Harris, Andy Devine, Virginia Dale, Lillian Cornell, Dennis Day, Theresa Harris, Kay Linaker, Ward Bond, the Merriell Abbott Dancers. Screen play by William Morrow and Edmund Beloin, based on an adaptation by Zion Myers of a story by Arthur Stringer. Directed



Jack Benny has a field day with the gals as the synthetic cowboy hero of *Buck Benny Rides Again*.

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

*"April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!"*

—William Watson

The month is showered with hits that run the emotional gamut. If you've never run an emotional gamut, go to M-G-M films in April.

There are eleven other months when you should also go.

Mickey Rooney's starring performance in *"Young Tom Edison"* is prescribed for your golden laughter and golden tears by doctor, lawyer, Indian chief, and also the film critics.

We hope you know that there is a sequel to *"Young Tom"* and it is called *"Edison The Man"*.



Spencer Tracy plays *"Edison The Man"*. Clarence Brown is the director. Even Edison couldn't have invented a better combination.

But getting on to other vital matters, there is a film called *"Florian"* which you'll learn to love.

It is a most ambitious opus from the Felix Salten novel. Its human action centres around a snow-white horse. It is the cavalcade of a breed and world-shaking events thunder through its frames.

We hate to use the overworked word "cavalcade". In the case of *"Florian"* perhaps we should say "cavalrycade".



Whenever you sing or hear or dance to *"Lover Come Back To Me"*, remember it's from *"New Moon"*.

And remember that Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are together again.

And remember that it's produced by

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

A LIVELY comedy tailored to fit the man who keeps all of us indoors on Sunday evenings. In brief, another Jack Benny farce, this time with the comedian considerably better acclimated to celluloid—and more, possibly a little too much, of the Benny factotum, Rochester.

To interest a pretty girl Jack poses as a two-gun gent from the wide-open spaces, a strong, silent man of the West, owner of a Nevada ranch—and suddenly he is forced to live up to the tall tale. Benny takes over a dude ranch, has his troubles in the saddle, even worse difficulties with a couple of ornery outlaws he mistakes for hired set-ups. Then he becomes a hero by mistake.

The dusky Rochester, otherwise Eddie Anderson, has a dark romance of his own, sings and dances. Present, too, are Fred Allen (in acid voice only), Phil Harris, Andy Devine, and Dennis Day. Ellen Drew is a pleasant heroine. The affair is brisk, amusing, designed to please the army of Benny radio fans.

VITAL STATISTICS: Benny trained down twenty pounds for this. "Had to," he says. "Did you ever see a fat cowboy hero?" . . . Carmichael is played by a two-and-a-half-year-old 200-pound polar bear named Miska, located after a five months' search by a talent scout in the town of Clinton, Connecticut. Miska and his owner-trainer, Emil Pallenberg, were moved across country in a private baggage car, back again the same way. . . . Fred Allen recorded those lines at Paramount's Eastern studios. Did it free—but he insisted he must write his own lines and that they wouldn't be edited. Dour-faced Allen and Benny are next to be co-starred, production to start in July. . . . Virginia Dale was singing and dancing in the Hollywood Restaurant in New York when she was scouted by film execs and signed for Hollywood. Hails from Charlotte, North Carolina; father a traffic cop. First on the stage with her sister Frances. They were the Paxton Sisters then. . . . Chicago gals haven't got big feet. Take the Windy City troupe of nine Abbott girls who dance in the Benny film. The girls wear, on the average, a 4½-size shoe. . . . When the company was working on location at Victorville, California, Eddie Anderson (Rochester) held up production for a day. Sunburn!

★ ★½ ONE MILLION B. C.

THE PLAYERS: Victor Mature, Lon Chaney, Jr., Carole Landis, John Hubbard, Edgar Edwards. Original screen play by Mickell Novak, George Baker, Joseph Prickett. Narration by Grover Jones. Directed by Hal Roach and Hal Roach, Jr. Produced by Hal Roach-United Artists. Running time, 70 minutes.

THIS Hal Roach extravaganza of prehistoric days defies classification. Mr. Roach has taken all sorts of strange reptiles of various periods, dropped a harassed mammal called man into their midst, let passion rear its ugly head between two tribes—and allowed things to take their unnatural course. Folks were short on language in those days, so these make odd guttural sounds while a narrator explains the plot.

As far as your observer can report, a little blonde of the Shell People in a cute fur step-in catches the eye of a boy from the Rock Clan on the other side of the tracks; trouble breaks out, King Kongs lurk behind rocks, a couple of triceratops engage in a super-dinosaur duel, and a volcano bursts into action. But love triumphs. Producer Roach dodges the suppressed sobs of anthropolo-

gists by freely admitting that he has combined reptiles of vastly distant periods and introduced man some 750,000 years ahead of schedule.

A strange nightmare quality predominates, the second dinosaur from the left has screen personality, the mere human actors are overshadowed by cataclysmic phenomena. Exciting or amusing. All in the point of view.

VITAL STATISTICS: Veteran D. W. Griffith started to help Roach on this and then withdrew. . . . The producer found what he considered the nearest approach to primal background at Fire Valley, Nevada. Company of 200 went by special train last November, remained ten days. Fire Valley is a gash in the drab Nevada hills some 350 miles from Los Angeles. Odd formations of sandstone. Two elephants, dressed in shaggy matted overcoats and fitted with curved metal tusks and whiskers, became woolly mammoths. Brahma steers became musk oxen. Triceratops (dinosaurs with the chassis of a hippo and the face of a rhino) were achieved by covering goats with a skin of plastic material. . . . D. H. Mauerhan, specialist in landscaping movie sets, built a prehistoric Garden of Eden. Ten-foot-high tree ferns from Australia, giant staghorn ferns from South America, huge Abyssinian banana trees were introduced. Freak plants and trees were built, too, by combining things. Botanical Erewhon cost \$24,000. . . . Although speech is used sparingly, they had to create something of a language. Tried to keep the comments of the Shell Folk soft, of the Rock gang hard, full of harsh consonants. . . . Note the twenty-two-foot python from Sumatra, weight 175. He slithers around Carole Landis and Victor Mature in a nicely torpid way, due to the cool temperature of the studio. Python reactions have to travel up twenty-two feet of nerves to the brain and then back again. Easier to get London on the trans-oceanic telephone.

★ ★ BLACK FRIDAY

THE PLAYERS: Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Stanley Ridges, Anne Nagel, Anne Gwynne, Virginia Brissac, Edmund MacDonald, Paul Fix, Murray Alper, Jack Mulhall, Joe King, John Kelly. Screen play by Kurt Siodmak and Eric Taylor. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Produced by Universal. Running time, 70 minutes.

A MANUFACTURED horror film about a crafty surgeon who transfers the brain of a dying racketeer to the skull of a quiet, whimsical college professor. Both have been injured in the same automobile accident. The surgeon isn't entirely motivated by medical ideals. He hopes that the brain will remember where the gangster hid half a million dollars. In no time at all the little professor has intervals of tilting his hat at a sinister angle and going out to erase old enemies.

Boris Karloff plays the surgeon, but for all his well tailored appearance he still stalks about in a Frankenstein's monster shamle. This melodrama gets its potency from Stanley Ridges' expert performance of the professor with the borrowed brain.

VITAL STATISTICS: Stanley Ridges has just quit Hollywood for the New York stage. Has done a half dozen or so outstanding performances but never seems to land definitely. Ridges is an Englishman who first scored on the stage as a song-and-dance man. Served in World War No. 1 in the Royal Flying Corps. After that got a job in the London revue, Oh Boy. Then came a series of appearances in New York musicals. . . . Sirens are the signals for air raids in England and now no films made in Hollywood use 'em. Britain bars sirens on the screen—might scare audiences. Usually a clanging bell is substituted, as in this shocker. . . . This film has something of a crime record. Ten murders.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone

with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came.

★★★½—My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage. His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone,

QUESTIONS



1—The most famous personal secretary in America, her job is unique. In spite of the demanding nature of her work, she has been quoted as favoring an additional four years in the same position because she not only likes what she is doing but the place where she is doing it. Who is she?

2—In what sport has an outdoor champion of both Great Britain and the United States added

the national indoor championship to his conquests?

3—Where in America are there people called habitants?

4—What did a rose indicate in ancient days when it was hung over the table, and what common phrase comes from the practice?

5—How is the District of Columbia governed?

6—What amounts in Arabic numerals do these Roman numerals represent: L, DCC, and M?

7—Can you name the positions of each of the following: Yonai, Wang Ching-wei, and Arita?

8—What insect gets its name from the way in which it holds its anterior legs?

9—Is it farther by air from the Maginot Line to Munich or from the Westwall to Paris?

10—What baseball player became a famous evangelist?

11—Who invented these famous fictional characters: Raffles, Frankenstein, and Ichabod Crane?

12—Where do the following kings rule: Farouk I, Feisal II, and Abd-el-Aziz es Saud ibn Saud?

13—What cities were headquarters for these political machine leaders: Tweed, Penrose, and Pendergast?

14—Where are the districts that are familiarly called "the Street" and "the City" and what activity is associated with them?

15—What statute is generally called by the name of a fictional shipwrecked sailor who returned to find his wife remarried?

16—Who are the representatives to the United States from Canada and Mexico?

17—What poem about a shirtmaker aroused social consciousness in the middle of the nineteenth century?

18—Can you give the titles and positions of these men: Erich H. A. Raeder, Sir Dudley A. Pound, and Jean Darlan?

19—Is the farm system favored by major-league baseball teams because it keeps them in fresh eggs, develops players, or gives them a place to go in vacations?

20—What famous Yale professor occupies the pulpit of Huron City Church, Michigan, every summer?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

First Love, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Eternally Yours, Disputed Passage.

★★★★—Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Espionage Agent, Thunder Afloat, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Dust Be My Destiny, Nurse Edith Cavell

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BRADLEY NORTON, of the Long Island racing set, loses his money and takes a job driving a midget racing car. After the first race the car catches fire and is ruined, and Bradley goes back home to work as a mechanic in Bob McCail's garage.

With the rent he gets from his country estate, he should have money, but every cent except what he earns must go to his wife, Florence, according to a separation agreement. Besides leaving him poor, Florence, by refusing to divorce him, prevents his marrying Cynthia Carlton. Cynthia is younger than he, and Bradley is afraid of losing her, especially since the home-coming of Tommy Baker, an old beau of hers, who is just such a rich debonair young sportsman as Bradley used to be before he went broke.

One day Noble Pierce stops at McCail's garage. Pierce is a self-made man who has just bought a house on Long Island and acquired some of the race horses Bradley had to sell. He is surprised to find the great Bradley Norton, who has been, as he puts it, "part gentleman jockey, part playboy, and part legend," reduced to working as a mechanic. He asks Bradley if he may come and see him, and hints that he may have a proposition to make to him.

That night Bradley drives to Cynthia's to tell her the result of the interview. Tommy Baker is with her. When Mr. Carlton inadvertently reveals that Cynthia and Bradley are in love, Tommy, angry and hurt, rushes from the house.

PART SIX—A RIFT IN ROMANCE

CARLTON got out of his chair, put a hand on Cynthia's shoulder, and looked at his wife.

"By heaven, I'm sorry!" he said. "Didn't realize. Didn't realize at all. Come on, William, this is no place for us—no place at all. No place for you either, I guess, Bradley. Good night, all."

He too hurried from the house, followed by William. Bradley stood first on one foot, then on the other. He had a premonition that something that had been to him very beautiful was just about to be washed up. He hadn't even had a chance to tell anybody his good news. He said:

"Mrs. Carlton, perhaps I'd better clear out. This looks sort of like—well, I guess Cynn timer wants to be alone with you. I—it looks as if, one way and another, I'd made a lot of people unhappy. I'm sorry."

"You're talking exactly like Fred," said Isabelle.

Cynthia, listening, cried more softly. She felt pretty awful, but she didn't want to miss anything.

"It's funny," Bradley laughed. "I came here tonight because I had some swell news. I didn't even get a chance to tell it to anybody."

"Tell it to me," said Isabelle.



Cynthia began to feel a normal womanly rage. He had no right to look that way.

THE Girl NEXT DOOR

Now trouble looms for love's young dream in a swift and captivating novel of today

"Noble Pierce has given me a job," said Bradley. "I get ten thousand a year and a cottage. It's called a cottage. It's really a darn nice house. What do you think of that?"

Isabelle was too surprised for a second to say what she thought of it. She couldn't imagine any one paying Bradley—or Fred either, for that matter—anything like ten thousand dollars for any services they could

possibly render. Presently she expressed herself with clarity.

"Whatever for?" she said.

"Because I showed him where he could save about fifteen thousand a year on the way he's running his racing stable."

Isabelle made all the properly appreciative noises. He waited for applause from Cynthia. It didn't come.

Instead, she said, "Bradley." Her

voice was shaky. She had remembered something she'd been thinking when Bradley was sitting beside her in the grandstand at the Mountview Stadium. She remembered how she'd realized she really loved him then, and she remembered that other thought. It came to her now as clearly as words she might have spoken: If, instead of this, you'd got a job training and racing some rich man's horses—living in luxury at the rich man's house while you did it—I'd have stopped being in love with you. You would have stood for all the things I despise. She was looking right in his eyes now, her own still misty. Her face was white. "Bradley, what else do you have to do—to earn the ten thousand dollars and—and the nice house?"

BRADLEY sensed what he was walking into. He knew Cynthia's views on certain "gentlemen riders," technical amateurs who were really professional jockeys under a thin veneer of disguise. He laughed.

"Oh, I take over running the estate; train the horses, and ride them. I keep my gentleman rider's license, of course. You know, they change them to read, 'To ride only horses trained by himself.'"

"Yes," said Cynthia; "I know." She took a deep shuddery breath. It seemed to her that Bradley was quitting—quitting just as much as when he'd been going to shoot himself. Perhaps she was really resenting the feeling that it made all the sympathy she'd given him for being noble, and working with his hands in the garage, wasted. "Bradley," she went on, "if you do this, I don't think I want to be engaged to you any more."

"I've got to do it, Cynn timer. Pierce is a big man. It might mean . . ."

He stopped—took a step backward as though she'd hit him. For she had quickly reached inside her dress, pulled out the small brave diamond ring, and torn it from its silk ribbon. She held it out to him. For a long moment he looked at her, then unsteadily he took it from her. Their fingers touched for a second, and the touch hurt them both, as though their fingers had been made of fire. As was the fashion in faces in that room that night, his face was white now, his eyes burning. But in spite of the raging turmoil inside of him, his voice was soft and gentle.

"All right, Cynn timer," he said. "You don't have to be engaged to me any more. It's better not. It wasn't any good the way it was, anyway. I love you. I'll always love you."

"Brad, if you loved me . . ."

"Wait, Cynn timer. I got to be a garageman because you wanted me to be one. But you couldn't be happy married to a garageman. I see that now. You've got to marry—somebody like Tommy Baker. That means, to stand a prayer with you I've got to better myself." He laughed. "I've got a long ways to go, but I've got to start somewhere. So I'm going to work for Noble Pierce."

Isabelle started to speak. Bradley held up a hand to quiet her.

"I'm going to train his race horses. I'm being paid to ride them too. So I'm a professional jockey. O. K. You may as well know the rest of it. People around here have been cutting him. Part of my job is to see that they don't. He's got the money, I've got the background. He was a newsboy, I was a gentleman." He paused. "Between the two of us we make a country gentleman."

"But, Bradley," Cynthia cried, "you'll be nothing but a high-class servant!"

Bradley nodded.

"That's why I think, too, it's better for you not to be engaged to me any more. It would be like your being engaged to William." He looked away from her then, into the fireplace. He was afraid she might see the sorrow in his heart through his eyes if he kept on looking at her. "I used to feel just like you do about—this sort of job. That was before I learned that most any job's a good job—if it pays money."

"Oh, Bradley." Tears came again. "I'm so unhappy!"

"I know." Suddenly he bent over and kissed her cheek. "Good-by now."

He left then, with a dignity new in him. Cynthia and her mother watched him go. Then Isabelle took a deep breath and in a most unladylike fashion slapped her thigh.

"Baby," she said, "I believe you're jilted!"

Cynthia shook her head. Tears were falling fast from her eyes now, but she wasn't sobbing, because these tears were coming from her heart and were too real to allow for dramatizing.

"No," she said. "I've jilted him. I jilted Tommy, too. I've hurt them both—dreadfully." She turned to look up at her mother. "Oh, mummy!" she said. "Am I the sort of woman who just destroys every man who comes into her life?"

It cost her a real effort, but Isabelle didn't laugh.

WHITBOURNE KNOLLS would not have looked out of place in the English countryside, with earls and dukes flopping in from grouse shooting and great ladies scurrying in and out of its thirty bedrooms. It was built of timbered brick, and had a park and a driveway leading through its own private forest.

The cottage—or darn nice house, really—that Bradley Norton lived in was a little thing of some fifteen rooms that had been built for a young married Whitbourne. In a way it was nicer than the big house, because it had been built as a home instead of a magnificent gesture. It too was of timbered brick and was full of wood-burning fireplaces and comfort. Bradley liked it. Noble Pierce liked it, too. After Bradley moved in he spent almost as much time there as he did at the big house.

Bradley had made progress. Run-

ning a big country place and a racing stable came naturally to him. It was what he had been trained to do. He fired all the employees who had been getting graft. He put the herd of fancy cows on an almost paying basis. He got the horses fit and already had won a few small races with them. His efficiency and the amount of work he got out of the grooms and gardeners and chauffeurs were a continued source of wonder to Noble Pierce. It was because they knew he knew how things ought to be done. Pierce had been in the habit of bawling them out and getting nowhere.

But Bradley's greatest achievement was that he actually taught Pierce to ride well enough to jump a horse over a fence. He rode a little after the manner of John Gilpin, with the whole of Long Island visible between him and the saddle, but he and his horse remained technically a unit. To Pierce it was more than an achievement. It was a conquest. The pleasure he took in it was contagious, and among the various social lions and big shots who came to Bradley's house the simple pride Pierce took in having learned to do something that was kindergarten stuff to them made them like him. They hadn't intended to like him. But then, they'd expected to meet a pompous rough diamond full of flourishes and airs. It was hard not to like a man who wanted so very much to be liked and who was so frankly enthusiastic about trying to learn, as he put it, "to ride a horse over a country and not look as if I was trying to punish myself for having made so much money."

It was natural that the hunt should get an enormous subscription from Noble Pierce. It was a tribute to Bradley's management of him, in bringing out the simple enthusiasm that made people like him, that the Master of Hounds told him that if by November, when the fox hunting started in earnest, he could ride once around the point-to-point course without falling off, he would be invited to wear the pink coat with blue facings on the lapels. To Pierce, this was tantamount to being given a knighthood. He had come a long way from the windy street corner in Detroit where he'd started his climb.

This staggering event happened late of an evening when the Master and two friends had dined at Whitbourne. It was all Pierce could do to show his guests to the door without letting them see how touched he was. When he came back into the small library where they had been sitting, he poured drinks for himself and Bradley; then, rooting Jane the terrier bitch out of it first, he flung himself into a chair by the fire that the late September weather allowed. Jane had, of course, been returned to Bradley with his ring, like a frat pin.

"Son," said Pierce, "have you any idea what that means to me? What Mr. Harvey just said?"

Bradley laughed.

"Sure," he said. "I used to feel

the same way about things like that." "Ever since I was a little kid," said Pierce, "I've wanted to be a gentleman. I wanted to make money first, but that was just so's I could get to be a gentleman. You see, Brad"—he paused, looked at the red logs—"you see, I never knew who my father was. You mightn't believe it, but there's class distinction even among the slum folks I was raised with." He laughed reminiscently. "They looked down on me. Plenty. That's why I made up my mind to do more than just make money. I *had* to get to a position where *nobody* could look down on me."

Bradley looked at him with sympathy. Jane looked at him with pique. She liked that particular chair.

"I'm glad you told me," said Bradley. "You know, I thought you were a little soft in the head. I mean, with all you've accomplished and everything, then making such an effort to crash society. It seemed silly. I understand now."

There was a silence. Presently Pierce spoke:

"I owe a great deal to you, Brad. I don't mean about fixing it so people didn't look the other way when they saw me. I mean the way you've made me be myself. Frankly, I've been impressed with the way you handle people. It doesn't bother you who a man is, you meet him on equal ground. Like the way you called me a moron first time you met me. I liked that."

Bradley grinned. "If you're leading up to giving me a raise," he said, "it isn't necessary. You're paying me more than the job's worth now. You"—he pointed a finger at Pierce—"are slap-happy because Dan Harvey said you could wear a Meadow Brook hunting coat."

Pierce laughed. "No," he said, "but I've got kind of an idea—like I had when I talked to you in McCail's garage. That one worked out fine."

"For me," said Bradley. "I hope you get lots more ideas like that. So does Jane." He looked at the dog, still staring at Pierce in annoyance. "Seriously, Noble, you really ought to give Jane that chair."

"Nuts to Jane! Will you pay attention to me, please?" said Pierce. "I'm talking business. Listen. Pierce & Company's got one of the fanciest boards of directors there is. I thought that was a good idea. Well, it was and it wasn't. Fact is, they're so almighty fancy I'm kind of scared of 'em. They try to push me around, and then I get sore and cuss and get no place. Well, right now I'm trying to put through a new policy. We've been having labor trouble. I want to give the men a block of stock. That's no philanthropy, that's smart. I'll make money on it in the end. My directors are going to try to push me around on it."

"Who are they?"

Pierce rattled off a list of names. It sounded like opening night at the opera. Bradley smiled.

"Comes the revolution," he said,

"that bunch rides in the first tumbrel."

Pierce nodded. "I know. They're hot stuff. I need a man who can meet them on an equal basis and push *them* around." He turned his blue eyes on Bradley. "That's you."

Bradley laughed.

"I'd be delighted to push those guys around," he said.

"If I give you a thousand shares of Pierce & Company stock and appoint you my personal representative," said Pierce, "you'd be in a position to. I'm ready to do that. Right now."

Bradley almost fell off his chair onto the tiger-skin rug. This was a jack pot of gold. He couldn't take it, of course, but it was nice Pierce thought enough of him to offer it.

But he did take it, because Noble Pierce explained that unless he owned a chunk of the stock he wouldn't have any standing in the company, and Noble Pierce actually needed him for just that job. It took him half an hour to convince Bradley. When they had shaken hands on it, he said, "Now, what's the matter?"

He had noticed that Bradley was staring into the fire, worry written all over his face. Of course he hadn't been exactly chipper at any time since he'd come to Whitbourne, but this was different. He should be feeling swell now. Without turning his head, Bradley answered.

"There's a girl," he said. "I was engaged to her. She broke it off because I went to work for you. She doesn't like guys who—she calls it sponging off rich men. She'll think this personal-representative business is worse than training and riding your horses. She'll think you just handed me that stock on a platter."

THERE was a long silence. Pierce shook his head sadly.

"Dumb," he said; "just dumb. Where is she now?"

"Her mother took her away on a trip. West, I think." He laughed. "I've known Fred Carlton—her father—all my life. He'll hardly speak to me."

"Startin' a sort of feud, eh? Old family stuff." Pierce paused, rubbing his chin, thinking. "Son, would you like me to move in on this situation and see what I can do?"

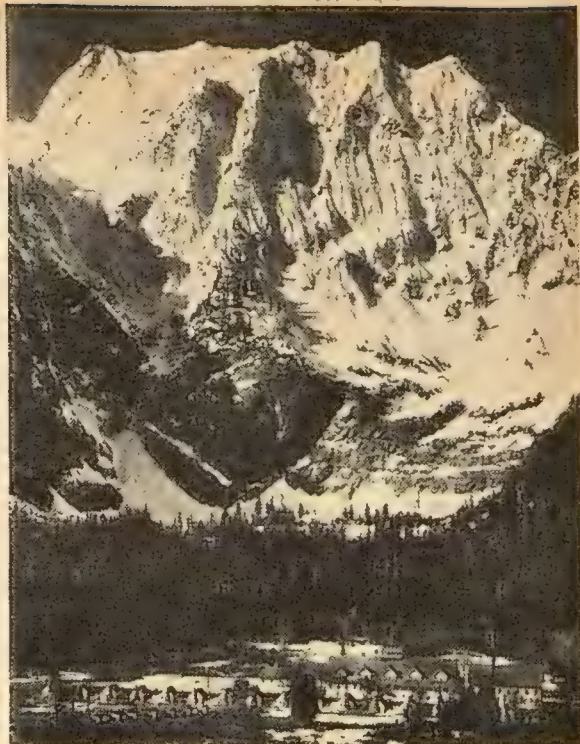
Bradley shook his head.

"I've got to do it myself," he said. "This is one thing you can't do for me." He sighed. "I dunno. Maybe she was just in love with something she thought I was. Women are funny. Maybe she's just sore at me for going ahead and doing something she disapproved of. I dunno. If I'd won a lot of automobile races and made some money that way—" He looked at Pierce, his eyes suddenly bright with memory. "She was scared to death when I drove that race at Mountview. Gosh, it was swell—having her feel like that!"

"I begin to get it," said Pierce.

"It was a lousy cheap race. Everything about it was awful. But she re-

BIG FOUR GLACIER



See America at its Best in WASHINGTON STATE

Treat yourself to a new kind of vacation this year! Come to the heart of the cool Evergreen Playground where you'll discover more things to see and do than you'll find in a dozen countries. Play amidst summer glaciers, on wide ocean beaches—follow the path of America's second largest river from desert canyons to the sea. Explore America's newest National Park and see Grand Coulee—the biggest Dam on Earth! Mt. Rainier, the San Juan Islands, Lake Chelan. . .

GRAND COULEE DAM



COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY



Something new for every member of the family. And from sea-level to ski-level, every holiday sport and relaxation. Low costs, fine accommodations, wide paved highways throughout the State. Clean, modern cities, interesting world ports. See your agent for low-cost fares, fast travel schedules from all principal U. S. points.

FREE BOOKLET—Natural Color Photos
State Progress Commission, Room 176
State Capitol, Olympia, Washington
Please send me FREE illustrated
Booklet about Washington State.



Name _____

Address _____



YOU CAN GET QUICK RELIEF FROM TIRED EYES

Why suffer from burning, smarting eyes? Murine brings *quick, amazing relief*. A drop in each eye *night and morning*—that's the modern way to *cleanse and soothe* your eyes. Murine is *alkaline*—its six *extra* ingredients *completely wash away irritation*. Economical, too—no messy, wasteful eye-cup to bother with. Druggists have recommended Murine for over 40 years. Get Murine from your druggist today!

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

Build BETTER HEALTH Relieve

SLUGGISH DIGESTION, EXCESSIVE GAS
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't suffer from their symptoms of sleeplessness, nervousness, dizziness, and physical exhaustion! Use the method of Dr. Josef Wiel, famous European naturalist, whose original formula of odorless-garlic, deliciously mint-covered, has successfully aided millions of sufferers during the past 60 years. To reduce high blood pressure and for dependable, effective relief of its symptoms, take genuine Wiel Garlic Tablets continuously at prescribed intervals. Sold at all good Health-Food and Drug stores. 10c and 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE
to Wiel Laboratories, Inc. 5514 Myrtle Ave., Dept. 127, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WIEL GARLIC TABLETS

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



• Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special medication acts on corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

SINGLE EDGE BLADES

15 FOR 25¢



spected me for doing it." He chuckled. "Funny, isn't it? I got my own self-respect back when I started working for you, and I lost her respect. Heaven knows how I can get that back."

Noble Pierce rubbed his chin again.

"There may be a way," he said. He got up. "I'm going to bed. Remind me to call Dee-troit tomorrow morning. Night."

Bradley said good night and walked down the wooded path that was a short cut to the small house. He wished Cynthia would come home. He was hungry for her.

CYNTHIA got back to New York the day of the West Hills races in early October. The trip west, so far as getting her over her love trouble went, had done her no good at all. Isabelle had flung cowboys at her head on mountaintops, and Hollywood profiles at her feet in grills and grottoes. Cynthia hadn't liked any of them for sour apples. Beyond that, instead of distance giving her a clear perspective to look at her relationship with Bradley and Tommy, it had only made the whole thing as dim and confused and hazy as faraway hills.

Cynthia thought she hated Bradley for having done the thing that she had told him would make her stop loving him—naturally, she felt honor bound to stop loving him. She thought she loved Tommy Baker and tried hard to believe she was gasping to see him, and she pretended to Isabelle to be annoyed that he wasn't at the station to meet her. Isabelle remembered the Long Island Hunt Cup was to be run that day at West Hills, and pointed out that it would have been impossible for Tommy Baker to have been at the station and get back to West Hills in time to see to his horse.

They were halfway home when Cynthia said, trying to sound casual, "Mummy, why wouldn't it be fun if we went on to the races instead of stopping at the house? I was just thinking daddy'll be there, and it would be such a shame to miss them. If Thurson hurries we'll get there in time for the big race."

"Hurry, Thurson," said Isabelle.

The chauffeur, who liked horse races, hurried, and at a quarter to three they turned off the Jericho Turnpike into the wooded lane that led to the race track. As they neared it, Cynthia found her heart beating fast and kept saying to herself, "I'll be seeing Tommy in a few minutes. He'll be in the paddock, looking handsome and brave and gay. I'll be seeing Tommy."

Her heart was saying something quite different. But she was all through listening to her heart. It told her only things she didn't want to hear. It told her that Bradley would be in the paddock too, being bossed around by that social-climbing Noble Pierce, whom nobody would have anything to do with, saying, "Yes, sir," and kowtowing and looking hang-dog. She knew how badly it was

going to make her feel to see him that way. He'd been such a gallant figure once. Pierce would have a dead cigar in his mouth, and would undoubtedly be dressed in gray checks and white spats, and would, equally undoubtedly, be showing off and boasting about having a Bradley Norton working for him as a jockey.

The car came out of the woods then and the West Hills race track was at hand. It wasn't like a regular race course, with grandstands and a dirt track. It was in the open country. There was a fenced-off section for the homestretch, with cars parked on each side, which took the place of a grandstand. For the rest, the course wandered off over the countryside, marked by white barrels, with flags on these; the timber jumps and the brush jumps marked with a red flag on one wing and a white on the other. It wound up a hill, turned and came back, went down a hill where a high bank with a rail fence on top of it must be jumped, then on over another hill, turned, down again, and so to the homestretch.

A few hundred yards from the parking spaces were gay-looking caterers' tents crowded with smart people in smart clothes and not so smart people in smart clothes, grooms, trainers, touts, and stableboys. Alongside the tents were a row of bookmakers, each with his big blackboard and his henchmen chalking up the changing odds. Behind the bookies, in a natural grove of trees, red and gold and brown now and lovely against the blue October sky, was the paddock. Over everything hung the rich smell of wood smoke and whisky and fine cigars and perfume and the fresh tweed smell of trampled grass. Cynthia drank it in in gulps. It was the smell she loved best. It was the scene she loved best: the horses, sleek, trembly with excitement, the people, the rolling fields bordered by woods.

SHE hurried her mother out of the car, called a quick good-by to her, and dogtrotted across the grass toward the paddock. She could tell from the crowd surrounding it that they must be saddling for the Cup Race—three and a half long miles over some twenty fences. As always, she felt a tightening in her stomach. Of perhaps ten or twelve who would ride out, only six or seven would ride back. The others would limp home across the field on their two legs, or go off lying on their backs in the big gray ambulance, unconscious perhaps. Once she'd seen Bradley go off so. She had thought she felt pain herself then, just watching him.

The county policeman on duty at the paddock gate greeted her by name and passed her in. She took a few steps forward, looking around, then stopped. The scene she had been picturing was there before her, but she'd been wrong—very wrong—in her picturing of its detail.

There were ten horses in the paddock. They were being saddled and girths and surcingles were being

tightened. She saw Tommy Baker standing beside his big black chaser, wearing his own silks of course, his hands twitching with nervousness. She saw standing by their horses the other men who were going to ride, the little circle of cohorts, admirers, and backers standing around watching them. But there was a far larger crowd around one horse. She knew, without being able to see, that this would be the favorite. She pushed her way through the circle of men and women, and saw Bradley.

He was standing beside a great chestnut brute of a horse who pawed and hunched his muscles as the girths were drawn home. Bradley didn't look hangdog. His face flushed with excitement, his eyes bright, his hands a little nervous but steady as they touched the tack here and there to make sure it was right. As he checked girths and breastplate he was talking over his shoulder, laughing and joking. In the Pierce silks, deep blue with gold braid in front and gold cross sash, he looked like a symbol of the tired old dream world he had lived in up until his crash. Cynthia glanced at his highly polished boots.

SHE remembered the night she'd found him on the terrace. "Madam, . . . it is quite out of the question to even imagine that I could take off even one of these very fine, very useless imported tight-fitting boots!"

Cynthia bit her lip. She'd been so sorry for him! All these weeks she'd been pitying him, thinking of him as a sort of poor, downtrodden, weak-willed, prideless social leper, an outcast. She began to feel a perfectly normal womanly rage of indignation at him. He had no right to look this way, to have a crowd of admirers hanging on his words, to have men prominent in the community coming up to him, as they were, and shaking hands and wishing him luck. He had no right to! He was nothing but a high-class servant. Then Cynthia wrenched her eyes from him and saw the rest of the picture, and the little angry storm in her began to grow to gale proportions.

On one side of Bradley stood Bob McCail, holding his racing whip. On the other side, dressed in somber blue suit, beautifully cut blue Chesterfield, and bowler hat, stood her own William. He was holding Bradley's polo coat and soft felt hat on one arm. In his hand he carried the hard silk-covered jockey cap. It was perfectly obvious that the late Rockinghamshire Racing Team had for the day moved in.

Cynthia bit her lip harder. This was treason. And then, adding insult to injury, she saw Noble Pierce, who five minutes before she had in her mind been calling a social climber nobody'd have anything to do with.

She had to look twice to make sure it was Noble Pierce, because he looked like any well-to-do gentleman attending a cross-country meeting. He had on gray slacks and a tweed jacket and a covert-cloth coat and an old felt hat.

No spats; no checks; no cigar. Beside him, engaged in friendly chat, was that godhead of the community, the Master of Fox Hounds. Cynthia blinked. She couldn't believe it. She pushed her way a little nearer and heard the M. F. H. say, "You've got a great horse and a great rider, Noble. I'd like to see you win this—get the encouragement. A man like you can do a lot for this sport, if he's really interested."

Unbelieving, she heard Pierce answer: "I'm plenty interested, Dan. I'd have put up a purse this year, but I don't like to seem pushing. Horse looks fit, doesn't he?"

"Too fit, if anything. He'll be hard managing the first five or six fences."

Then she heard Pierce say:

"I hope that boy of mine don't get hurt." He chuckled. "He's my pal. I've made him my . . ." Cynthia lost the rest of it because Pierce lowered his voice. But she saw Dan Harvey nodding his head in approval. Then she heard Noble Pierce laugh and say, "When I put it to him, he thought it was because he'd taught me to ride over fences! Can you beat it? Golly!"

Dan Harvey laughed, then said, "Frankly, Noble, if anybody taught me to ride over jumps and look as much of a bouncing sack of meal as you do, I'd fire 'em. I'd kill 'em."

Noble Pierce beamed.

"I rode over the point-to-point course, didn't I?"

Bradley, who had been smiling at this conversation, turned from the horse and walked toward them.

"I had Noble tied on with wires. He . . ." He broke off. "Cynnie!"

Will this turn out to be a lovers' meeting? Will Cynthia forgive Bradley? Next week the race is run, the story takes a sudden dramatic turn, and Isabelle rushes in where angels fear to tread.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 54

- 1—Marguerite Le Hand, secretary to President Roosevelt.
- 2—Tennis. Robert L. Riggs, new indoor tennis champion.
- 3—In Canada and Louisiana; they are French settlers, or their descendants, of the farming class.
- 4—It indicated that nothing said at the table was to be repeated, hence "sub rosa," meaning confidential.
- 5—By a commission of three men—two residents of the District and an army engineer.
- 6—50; 700; 1,000.
- 7—Premier of Japan; Chinese puppet of the Japanese government in China; Japanese Foreign Minister.
- 8—The praying mantis.
- 9—The same distance, 200 miles.
- 10—Billy Sunday.
- 11—E. W. Hornung; Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley; Washington Irving.
- 12—Egypt; Iraq; Saudi Arabia.
- 13—New York; Philadelphia; Kansas City.
- 14—Wall Street, New York City; London. Both are financial districts.
- 15—The Enoch Arden law, providing for divorce on the ground of unexplained absence for a specified number of years.
- 16—Minister Loring C. Christie; Ambassador Dr. Don Francisco Costillo Najero.
- 17—The Song of the Shirt, by Thomas Hood.
- 18—Commander of the German navy; First Sea Lord of the British navy; commander of the French navy.
- 19—It develops players.
- 20—

Wm. Lyon & Co.

I CAN'T BEAT WORMS BY MYSELF!



I'd like to catch the guy who spreads the story that a dog can worm himself with grass and gravel. I've had worms more than once (like most dogs) but it took the Boss to pull me through. He looked up my symptoms in the Sergeant's DOG BOOK — and the worms were doomed!



First time Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES did the job. (I was six weeks old.) After I grew up it was SURE-SHOT CAPSULES — they worked like magic. I don't know whether the Boss or the BOOK helps me most! You can't have my Boss, but you can get the BOOK free at drug or pet stores — or with this coupon.

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 4-D, Richmond, Va.

Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"SHOP PRACTICE & HOME STUDY-brother, they go together!"

• "I work in the shop every day. And a couple of hours every evening, I study. Study what? I don't mind telling you — an I. C. S. Course! Take it from me, shop practice and home study go together. When you combine them you are headed toward more pay — provided you do the same thing I did by mailing the coupon below."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 8472-L, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost to me, please send full particulars about the course marked X:

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ Accounting | ☐ Commercial |
| ☐ Advertising | ☐ Diesel Engines |
| ☐ Architecture | ☐ Electrical Engineering |
| ☐ Aviation | ☐ High School |
| ☐ Business Management | ☐ Radio |
| ☐ Chemistry | ☐ Salesmanship |
| ☐ Civil Engineering | ☐ Welding |

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Present Position _____

Canadian residents send coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England.

BANG! CAN HITLER CONQUER AMERICA?

SALEM, ORE.—Pierre van Paassen's story on Germany's war aims (February 17 Liberty) is very interesting, but did he take into consideration what Hitler's allies would be doing while he was making the world a Germanic empire? I refer to Japan, Russia, Italy, and others. Does van Paassen think that they would actually let Hitler take over their countries?—*Frank Ransom.*

WICHITA, KAN.—How a guy with a name like Pierre van Paassen, born in Holland and doing newspaper work in Canada, etc., has the crust to address the American people



on how a nation of eighty million people is going to conquer the world is more than any sane person can figure out.

Don't make us laugh, van Paassen! How's Germany going to get across the ocean? Walk? Try it yourself sometime!—*Bernard Lewis.*

GREENFIELD, OHIO.—Regarding the article Can Hitler Conquer America? by Pierre van Paassen—Confucius say, "Man who overdoes himself trying to put scare in people turns scare into propaganda."—*L. Lowell Wilkin.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The article by Pierre van Paassen first made me laugh and then made me mad. What does he think we are? A pack of dopes? If he wants to write fiction, why doesn't he label it as such?

Doesn't he know that by the time this war ends none of the combatants will be in a military or economic position to do any invading anywhere?—*D. Mullaney.*

LANCASTER, PA.—Thank you, van Paassen, for Can Hitler Conquer America? Would that every person in America read it and realized the terrible crisis ahead of us, and did not put heads in the sand and talk, talk about money for a few planes for Finland and such!—*J. R. Nowell.*

MASSILLON, OHIO—I would like to know just what stunt Pierre van Paassen is trying to pull in his Can Hitler Conquer America? Is he just a pure unadulterated pessimist, or does he really believe Hitler is such a supreme man that everything he touches merely folds up and becomes his? What does he think we Yankees will be doing while Adolf is wading across the pond—twiddling our thumbs? I don't think so. When we get our dandruff up we really get going.

The article made me so confounded mad I couldn't read all of it. If you ask me, he's one of those birds who ought to go "over there" and fight under his hero!—*E. F. Sovereign.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Germany will never control the world in the way Mr. van Paassen explains. They cannot plunge us into chaos, or even cause a revolution, provided we prevent an entirely different danger which faces us now.

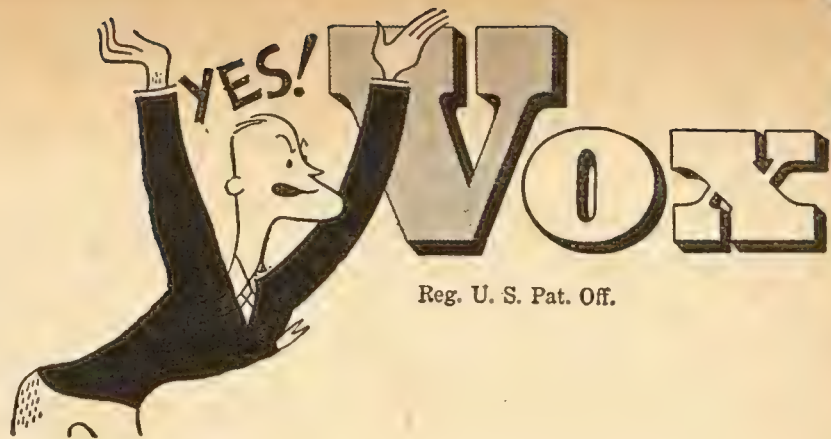
Hitler will be among the sweet peas before they can realize such plans. —*Derk Kersken.*

POCOMOKE CITY, MD.—Pierre van Paassen deserves a debt of gratitude from the nation for revealing that all the hooey we have been reading about the "imminent" German collapse is merely tripe and wishful thinking. It has been evident for some time that England is going to lose the war.—*H. A. Porter.*

PUEBLO, COLO.—Am I in error in thinking, from the tone of his article, that van Paassen thinks that Hitler can conquer America?

Let me tell him that both Canada and the United States are pretty big. (Germany will learn some brand-new ones when they lick us.) Both extend nearly a mile west of the Hudson River. The Rockies are pretty big to get an army over. The Mojave Desert is awful short of water. If Germany, Russia, or Japan ever get that far the buzzards will be fat. The wolf packs of the north will be well fed when the conquest of Canada is brought to a successful conclusion. We don't scare easily.

In the back of my marble head there is an idea—or is it a hunch?—that Mr. van Paassen was influenced by more than the fee for his article.—*Gus Reynolds.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

INTERESTED IN STAMPS?

ANDOVER, N. J.—Liberty is an interesting magazine, but to my recollection there has not been any article on the fascinating hobby of stamp collecting. There are between four and five million stamp collectors in this country who are seriously collecting, and a few more million that are halfheartedly doing so.

I think that one of your staff should interview some prominent stamp collectors and have brought out the oddities and experiences had in acquiring additional stamps to their collection.

I am sure you will get plenty of fan mail if you do.—*Marius H. Bataille.*

How many of our readers would like to see an article of the kind in Liberty?

"Bernarr Macfadden seems to be fond of the expression 'should be shot at sunrise,'" says Vena Delta of Los Angeles, California. "But why wait until sunrise?"

DIES GIVES NO NAMES

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—If Dies' information about Hollywood is correct (February 24 Liberty) why is he afraid to name names? There is not one name in his article. You don't suppose he has heard of the libel laws?

It has been held to be libelous to call a man a Communist if he isn't.

Well, Martin?—*L. F. Beech.*

BUDGET BALANCER

EATON RAPIDS, MICH.—J. F. Garvey, M. D., challenges Mr. Macfadden (February 17 Vox Pop) to tell the world how to balance the budget of the little old U. S. A.

That is easy. Listen, my friends: Just clean house at Washington, kick out the playboy, and stick to the policies on which he rode into office.—*G. E. McArthur.*

GENIUS WANTED

CUMBERLAND, MD.—There is glory in the marvelous discoveries of science, but fertile fields for exploration are yet without result, to wit:

A liquor that will blend gracefully with gasoline for men.

And a perfume that will blend gracefully with tobacco for women.—*Lewis C. Millholland, Sr.*

AUNT OR SECOND COUSIN?

PILOT GROVE, MO.—Cockeyed Crosswords, vertical No. 24 (January 13 Liberty) asks, "What relation is your father's grandmother's daughter's daughter to you?" The next issue gives reply "Aunt." We believe the author of this puzzle should look closer into relationships. Our answer is "Second cousin."—*Mattie D. Stites.*



MARY'S AGE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In February 24 Liberty's Twenty Questions, in the answer to No. 7 Mary's age is given as: "23 (father, 59; mother, 41)."

Could not Mary's age have been 29 (father, 57; mother, 43)? This would have the mother be 14 at Mary's birth. Easily accomplished in California. (You've possibly heard about our climate?)—*L. J. Tweedle.*

"Peace or war, I believe that the day of the skyscraper is over," announces W. J. Roberts of Lincoln, Nebraska. "Skyscrapers never brought happiness to any community or people."



1940 SLATE

HAPEVILLE, GA.—For President we should elect J. Edgar Hoover. For Vice-President, Thomas E. Dewey. Our Secretary of State should be Bernarr Macfadden, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Ford. Franklin D. Roosevelt should be Secretary of the Navy, and other important posts filled with men who possess business acumen and action, rather than political bigwigs who know nothing but politics.—*Carl F. Morgan.*

☐ "The best way to settle the difference between capital and labor is to realize there is no difference," philosophizes A. W. Cunningham of Lawrence, Kansas. "After all, capital is nothing but condensed labor."

NURSES NEVER SAY "DOC"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—For the benefit of Miss Eve Greene, who wrote Prescription for Love (January 27 Liberty), please inform her that no self-respecting nurse calls a doctor "doc." Physicians do not address one another in that manner, much less nurses.—*R. L. Smith, M. D.*



REPRINT IT, OF COURSE!

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The article titled 75 Tons of Polish Gold (February 10 Liberty) was one of great interest and very close to the heart of every American-Pole.

We feel that the readers of America's greatest Polish newspaper — the Polish Everybody's Daily — would

greatly appreciate this article in their own language, especially in these trying days.

May we have your permission to reprint this article in its entirety, with due credit of course, in our newspaper? Permit me to personally commend you on your fair and impartial treatment of political, world, and social subjects.—*Adolf Cepura, Managing Editor.*

PAN AMERICAN DAY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—On April 14, 1940, the Pan American Union, an international organization of twenty-one American republics, will observe the fiftieth anniversary of its founding at the First International Conference of American States, which met at Washington in 1889-90. Created originally as a commercial bureau, the scope of the organization has been gradually extended until now it covers virtually every field of endeavor.

For some years past April 14 has been observed as Pan American Day, and this year special emphasis will be given to the day in view of its half century of progress and amity.—*L. S. Rowe, Director General, Pan American Union.*

☐ "Why not make government officialship of honorable value instead of monetary value?" queries Jet Black of Phoenix, Arizona.

ANIMALS IN POLITICS

OMAHA, NEB.—First, Russia sent over a chicken, expecting some easy pickings. The chicken quickly found itself in a stew. Next, the army like a herd of cattle was led to slaughter by a dumb ox. Russia also had a goat, but now Finland has that. Stalin has begun to realize he has made an ass of himself, but still can't bray like Hitler. Chamberlain is tread-

ing lightly, fearing snakes in the grass. Mussolini strongly suspects monkey business.

Let's all get drunk and see pink elephants instead of trying to figure it all out!—*Lee Zachary.*

G. B. S.'s BROGUE

QUEENSTON, ONT.—For the information of one John Emms of Starkville, Mississippi, who wishes to acquire the Irish brogue as George Bernard Shaw speaks it (February 24 Vox Pop): If Mr. Emms thinks G. B. S. talks with a typically Irish tongue, he is mistaken. The dramatist has been too long in England for that. Besides, there is no true Irish brogue spoken today. The real language of Erin is as dead as King Solomon. G. B. S. speaks with a twang peculiar to himself.—*North of Ireland.*

DOGS NOT "DOMESTIC"

MACEDON, N. Y.—In February 17 Crossword Puzzle you have put the dog in the domestic-animal class. In the State of New York, the state in which Liberty is published, a dog is not in the domestic-animal class.

I refer you to Circular 560, Article 7, Section 107 of the Agriculture and Markets

Law, relating to licensing of dogs and protection of domestic animals therefrom.—*Fremont Thrasher, Jr.*

WHAT A SAID STORY!

SEATTLE, WASH.—Just finished reading Lonesome Lady, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman (February 17 Liberty). After reading the first three col-



umns I thought it was going to be a pretty good story; but from then on it was—she said, he said, they said, Joe said, Molly said, Em said, Johnny said, Pop said, Sue said, woman said, and said, voice said, plates said, sign said—160 of them! And when I got through I said, "What a 'said' story!"—*Helene Foster.*

☐ "Arming for defense is only like equipping a prairie fire brigade that won't start fighting till the blaze hits town," says Cliff Brooks of Dearborn, Michigan.



"We drew straws to see whose kitchen we'd make taffy in, ma, and you lost."

Ludwig Gives You Mannerheim



FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins
of Black Star

TWO ILLUSTRIOUS names are joined in this magazine next week to make an editorial feature that we believe will interest most of the people of the United States and Canada. Emil Ludwig, most popular of all living biographers—he who gave a really vast public Napoleon, Lincoln, and many others, including President Roosevelt and King George of England, written especially for the readers of Liberty—now has written a new and timely life story of General Carl Gustav Mannerheim. During the last few tragic months that name Mannerheim has captured the imagination of the whole world. Who was this Mannerheim whose military defenses had stood out for so long against the armed forces of the Russians—who held the Russian hordes at bay for 105 days? Mannerheim was a name more than a man to most people when Emil Ludwig, at our request, set out to gather the facts and bring into clear focus the story of Finland's hero. Next week in Liberty that story begins, told with all the dramatic fire, the intimate knowledge, the incisive penetration that distinguish every literary portrait that Ludwig paints. Here is a great story of a great figure in whom every one is interested. With pride Liberty presents Mannerheim: Hero of Finland, by Emil Ludwig.

UNDOUBTEDLY YOU READ

last week Has the Youth Congress Washed Itself Out? by Fulton Lewis, Jr., in which the author castigated the members of this organization for their alleged Communistic traits, their impolite treatment of the President, and their hissing of Mrs. Roosevelt after, the author said, she had gone out of her way to coach and prompt them in their appearance before the Dies Committee.

Mrs. Roosevelt herself replies to Mr. Lewis in Liberty next week. Calmly, graciously, kindly she explains the troubles of youth today, their need for help, and the importance of viewing the problem with the sympathy which she so manifestly holds herself. Also—still graciously but definitely and firmly—she gives Mr. Lewis his come-uppance for several inaccuracies with which she charges him. Why I Still Believe in the Youth Congress is an article you'll be glad to read.

BUT LIFE IS NOT

all problems and battles. Thank God that here in the United States we can still be troubled by lesser matters such as the opening of the baseball season. Which teams will win the pennants this year? That is, of course, any man's guess; but there are ways of figuring, methods of analysis, by which one may cut down the hazards through a study of the facts. Millions of fans will remember that last year about this time Jerry Lewis, one of our popular contributors on sports subjects, went out on a limb and gave his opinion of what the winning teams would be in both major leagues. When the World Series

games were played, Mr. Lewis was proved to be a prophet justified in his own lifetime. He had picked the winners with astonishing accuracy. Now, with a courage that should arouse admiration in every timid heart, he makes bold to repeat the performance. Next week he will tell you what teams he picks as the winners this year, and why he does so. You may not agree with him, and only time can tell whether he is right or wrong, but we believe a good time will be had by all.

A GOOD TIME

will be had by all Liberty readers, we believe, with the whole table of contents next week, and especially with the following features: two fine short stories, A Matter of Loyalty, by William R. Cox, All the Little Dreams, by Marion Baxter Taylor, plus a number of intensely interesting articles: What Kind of President Would Vandenberg Make? by Walter Karig; the second article in the series by Walter B. Pitkin, called How to Select Your Own Job; Hollywood's Colossal Crisis, by John Erskine; and exciting installments of all the current serials.

CLEANINGS:

Thanks to Percival E. Jackson of the New York bar for sending us his book, Look at the Law. Some of the chapters in this book, as you may recall, appeared originally in Liberty. Mr. Jackson has added to the material and has produced a book that should make every American stand aghast and ask himself the question raised by this book: "Can you get a square deal in the courts of the U. S. A.?" The author points out some of the absurdities of the law. As, for example, in Connecticut it is a criminal offense to carry a watch showing other than standard time. In Washington there is a law that regulates the length of hotel sheets. If a person steals a pair of shoes and they turn out to be two right shoes, he cannot be convicted. And there is this classic instance: "An insurance company had insured a man against death by accidental means. The insured had been taking veronal under a doctor's prescription. By mistake he took an overdose and died. The insurance company refused to pay, saying that it had not insured him against accidental death but against death by accidental means. It contended that, while he had died accidentally, he had not taken the veronal accidentally and that therefore the means were intentional and not accidental. . . . The insurance company lost, but not until after it had put the policyholder to the cost and delay of not less than three court hearings to collect all of \$2,000." That is one of the things that is wrong with the law—and one of the things that is wrong with the insurance companies. . . . A. H. Patterson of Mannerich, Inc., an advertising firm in Hartford, Connecticut, writes as follows: "I must take time out to congratulate you on the Tommy Manville, Jr., true confession! This is sure a humdinger and a laugh in every line. He certainly has made newspaper copy; but now you come through with a scoop in the way of a personal revelation and slap-happy sort of personal exposure that sets a new high. America, the land of contradictions! Mr. Macfadden's heavy and we-must-not-let-them-tam-

per-with-the-Consti-too-shun editorial; Henry Ford's 'founded by a workingman for workingmen' advertisement; and then the Manville story of a business founded by a workingman and—if he had his way—founded by a playboy. Well, that's what makes life in the U. S. A. something to look forward to from the time you leap out of bed until time to stumble back into it; this is, if you can spare time for sleep. I would say that Liberty is a real slice of Americana from cover to cover." . . . And finally, believe it or not, a lady who shall be nameless writes as follows: "February 27, 1940—the hour of God. Dear Editor—For reasons indescribable the writer is in need of \$150,000,000, for the sum of which the writer has possession of and will turn over to your Magazine certain information that would, if put into execution, end the present war in one hour." This letter came from California by airmail. Our check for \$150,000,000 will be much slower in reaching the correspondent.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

**CONTENTS FOR
APRIL 13, 1940**

EDITORIAL

Official Decisions—Watch Them
Carefully...Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Shovel Bum. John Randolph Phillips 12
Ripcord.....Doris Stead 35
Initiation—A TRUE Short Short
Burton Rascoe 46

SERIALS

Calcutta Adventure—Part IV
Edison Marshall 24
I Was a Hitler Agent in the U. S. A.
—Part III...Joachim F. Paffrath 47
The Girl Next Door—Part VI
Eric Hatch 55

ARTICLES

There Is a Job for You
Professor Walter B. Pitkin 7
Why I Won't Join the Oxford Movement.....Mahatma Gandhi 11
Why Hollywood Won't Move to New York...Mayor Fletcher Bowron 17
Why I Won't Fight for Mike Jacobs
Al Hostak
as told to Gene Kessler 21
What America Wants to Know
About the War...Vincent Sheean 32
What Kind of President Would
Senator Taft Make?
Frederick L. Collins 39
The Man Who Couldn't Die
Frederick Lewis 41

FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 31; Crossword Puzzle, 34; \$2,000 Vacation Resort and Travel Game, 45; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 53; Twenty Questions, 54; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ARTHUR SMITH



with *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*. It's very rich in Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin."

"BORDEN'S EVAPORATED HAS SUNSHINE VITAMIN D."



"You're right, Elsie: she does use it for the twins," exclaimed Mr. R. "And I use it on my camping trips in Canada. Tastes grand in your coffee."

"Canada. Canada. That reminds me of Borden's Chateau," murmured Elsie. "Chateau is a marvelous cheese-food made from

"BOY OH GIRL, ARE BORDEN'S CHEESE FOODS GOOD!"



an old Canadian recipe. This recipe is a Borden secret. Many people have tried to imitate Chateau's flavor, but, pardon the pun, they never quite found the right whey."

"I swear, Elsie, you're a factory on four feet! Do you try your hand—I mean your hoof—at anything else?"

"I'm twins, too," said Elsie

"YOU ONLY look like ONE cow to me," said young Mr. Reynolds to Elsie, the Borden cow.

"Oh," smiled Elsie, "I didn't mean that I was twice as many as I am. I just meant that I *feel* like twins because I get so much extra attention, enough for any two normal cows."

"Elsie," said the papa, "you're bragging."

"Not at all," Elsie insisted. "The good food I get would make many a cow turn green with envy. And the clean barn I live in—why it's a regular cow hotel."

"I suppose," he smiled, "you even have percale sheets."

"FOLKS LOVE BORDEN'S MILK!"



"No," replied Elsie. "but a doctor does come and check up on my health regularly. It's part of Borden's 'Quality Control' to see that my milk is not only as *delicious* and *nourishing* as milk can be but as *pure*."

"Golly, Elsie, you are pampered," said Mr. Reynolds. "I knew *Borden's Milk* was good, but I didn't know they had to go to all that trouble just for milk."

"They don't have to," said Elsie quietly; "they *want* to. And it isn't just for milk. There's ice cream, too. If they didn't watch

over my milk so closely, *Borden's Ice Cream* wouldn't be nearly so rich and creamy and wonderful as it is. And ice cream is only one of the drops in *our* milk bucket!"

"M-M-M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!"



"You wouldn't be tooting your own horns, would you, Elsie," he grinned.

"Oh, no," Elsie mooed. "My milk really goes into *many* other good and wholesome and delicious things. For instance, I'll bet Mrs. Reynolds uses *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* for candy

"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!"



and cake frostings. It makes them like magic... and they're smooth and velvety—never grainy.

"And," Elsie continued, "if those twins are getting an evaporated milk formula, I'll bet the doctor has Mrs. Reynolds make it up

"KEEP SLIM WITH THE HOLLYWOOD LUNCH!"



"Ask the Hollywood Stars, Mr. Reynolds," Elsie exclaimed. "Lots of them drink *Borden's Malted Milk* every noon as the mainstay of light, slenderizing luncheons—it's so satisfying and refreshing."

"And good, I'll wager," said Mr. R.

"Good is right," cried Elsie. "Millions of people will tell you that... if it's *Borden's* it's *GOT* to be good!"

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden... and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.



COPYRIGHT 1940, THE BORDEN COMPANY.



FRANCESCA SIMS
of TEXAS
Chesterfield Girl of the Month

A roundup of all you
want in a cigarette

CHESTERFIELD

they're **COOLER**
they **TASTE BETTER**
they're **DEFINITELY MILDER**



These are the things you get from Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Make sure of more smoking pleasure . . . make your next pack Chesterfield and you'll say "*They give me just what I want . . . THEY SATISFY.*"